PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-39

FREU-E DICH

BACH FESTIVAL SECTION Pages 5 to 9

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 7 · No. 4 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA · JULY 23, 1937 5 CENTS

SAYS THE EDITOR

MAY WE SUGGEST—

In the name of good music, good folk and good manners, we should like gravely to suggest to a small number of our musically elect that, qualified as they may be to make public their opinions on the quality and rendition of Bach, their criticism running concurrently with the concert numbers is in bad taste and unwelcome to a degree to those seated nearby.

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WE BELIEVE THAT THESE BAD MANNERS ARE NOT OURS

There are certain definite signs of the gradual disintegration of the Carmel that was and which, pray God, may last a little longer. One is Bob Norton's obsessionary insistence on our having a lock-up of our own. Another is provided by the presence of Jean Arthur in our midst.

We take it you know who Bob Norton is. We will inform those who might not be well up on Hollywood, that Jean Arthur is a motion picture actress, a quite lovely one and said to be a quite good one.

Jean Arthur is encountering something in Carmel that has been foreign to the Carmel we like to think is real; the Carmel that, perhaps, is on the wane. She is being pestered on our streets. She is being uncouthly accosted and asked and asked for her autograph. We choose to think, in fact, we are convinced, that the kind of person who would do this sort of thing, is not a Carmel person and, we hope, will never become a Carmel person.

But even so, what pains us is that it hasn't been done before; that even on the part of tourists Carmel has been free from it. It's the boring from without that probably is going to get us, boring from without by the kind of animal we loathe.

In the name of the people of Carmel, who like to feel that this city, at one time, at least, belonged to them, and they, at one time, belonged to it, THE CYMBAL offers an apology to Miss Arthur. If she came here to "get away from it all", decent people in Carmel promise to try to help her by letting her alone.

We can think of no good purpose for Bob's obsessionary jail except to fill it up with persons who do otherwise.

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A FEW MODEST WORDS ABOUT OUR BACH FESTIVAL EDITION

In response to what is no less than a popular demand, as far as Carmel is concerned, THE CYMBAL this week is re-printing the Bach Festival edition pages of last week's issue, including the two-color linoleum block of Bach, designed and executed by Ben Schafer.

The response to the Bach Edition of THE CYMBAL last week was not only surprising in its extent, but in its spontaneity. A day late, the edition did not appear in the subscribers' boxes at the post office, on the

(Continued on Page Two)

Carmel Taxpayers Have Figures Which Show Them Where Their Money Goes; If That's Any Satisfaction To Them

It looks bad for Carmel taxpayers this next year.

It looks especially bad for them because, besides living in Carmel, they also live in the Sunset School district and the county of Monterey.

Some 75 of them gathered Tuesday night in the small auditorium of Sunset School and tried to find out just how bad it did look. They learned a lot, but nothing that would help them to change the foreboding picture.

They learned, for example, that, besides the fact that their property valuations have been increased for tax purposes all the way from a nominal boost to a 100 per cent raise, the county tax rate is liable to go up. Besides the fact that Carmel property valuations, according to the county, have increased 23 per cent, the tax rate of $2.04 on the $100, as set by the county last year, will also increase several cents. The county, it seems, very badly needs the money.

It is already certain that the Sunset district rate, included in the county rate of $2.04, will go up at

(Continued on Page Eleven)

The Four Long Silver Shafts Tilt Upward—The Hand Descends

By LYNDA SARGENT

When the guns stopped their ater-tat-tat at the Presidio and the fog came rolling over Carmel, we were walking in the streets and, with our mind on the Festival, the people looked like moving notes on an animated score. Like notes being played by an unseen hand, reaching out of the fog to execute a pizzicato on Mrs. Jones hurrying home from her game of bridge; to run an arpeggio on the grim and unsuspecting Brown sisters keeping their respectable assignation with the chiropodist; to pluck at the white-collared bartend, who is not his brothers' keeper; to brush bitterly along the heart strings of the old men the dances they used once to perform. We saw them unsentient in the mist; notes without meaning on a dull page, a yellowed page, a blurred score desperately cast aside. We saw them dull and imparturient; and the Hand lifted; and the Hand fingering unresponsive string and key; waiting. In the fog we felt the waiting, the tuning up—the great excitement of the unleashing time.

* * *

Pa Whitney's the red blurred in Joe Perdieu's eyes and came to rest on some faint, faceless thing atop the little blonde sixteenth note at the other end of the bar. What the hell did you do with your face? he asked, bowing his head over his glass. It's on the barroom floor, Joe. My face is the face on the barroom floor, she laughed with the malignant sound of gin. Don't try to pick it up. It—it breaks; it's brittle. Elizabeth Arden says four faces a day. But mine fa' down, Joe. You're feeling bad, kid. Let's go somewhere. She cried a little, sitting like a soft bass clef over the mahogany bar. The Hand came out to touch her taut strings, loosing the G a little. But still no sound. The movie's lousy, she said. I ain't got the car tonight, Joe said. But there's some kind of doin's at the School. Wanter take a chance?

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JUDGING AT DOG SHOW SATURDAY

On the grounds of the Hotel Del Monte between the hotel and the Swimming Pool.

10 A.M.

Ring No. 1. Edward Knight judging Springer Spaniels, Pointers and all Setters.

Ring No. 2. Victor Laugeson judging Scottish Terriers, Sealyham Terriers and Welsh Terriers.

Ring No. 3. Harold Mack, Jr., judging Dachshunds.

Ring No. 4. Chris Shuttleworth judging Toys, and Non-Sporting Dogs.

2 P.M.

Ring No. 1. Edward Knight judging Cocker Spaniels.

Ring No. 2. Victor Laugeson judging Fox Terriers.

Ring No. 3. Edward Clough judging Chows, followed by Mrs. Myrtle Falcon Cooper judging Schnauzers.

Ring No. 4. Chris Shuttleworth judging Cairn Terriers, Kerry Blue Terriers, followed by all Working Dogs.

Ring No. 5. Bill Thompson judging all Obedience Classes.

5 P.M.

Variety Groups judged, followed by Best in Show, Edward Knight, judge.

CITY CLERK'S ANSWER TO AUDIT NO ANSWER AT ALL, CONTENDS JUDGE ROSS, SPECIAL COUNSEL; DECLARES SHE HAS FOUND NO ERRORS AS SHE HAS CLAIMED

Now the "Great Audit Scandal" of Carmel appears to have reached the chapter which should be headed: "When is a Roll not a Roll? When it's a delinquent tax list."

Actually this audit business gets funnier and funnier.

Two weeks ago Miss Sadie Van Brower, city clerk, who had been charged by Clayton Shaff, certified accountant, with errors, omissions, discrepancies and whatnot to the tune of some $2200 and on 75 counts, rose in the council and shot down 46 of Mr. Shaff's charges and apparently buried them.

Now comes George Ross, city judge officially and ex-officially audit counsel, and announces to the city council that she didn't do anything of the kind; that Mr. Schaff's whole 75 charges still stand.

In other words, succinct, cryptic words, Judge Ross reported to the council Wednesday night, that while it is perfectly true that 46 alleged omissions in assessments, as charged by the auditor, do not appear as such on the assessment roll, Miss Van Brower, in so setting forth, hadn't even made a dent in the accuracy of the auditor's report. He contended that in asserting that certain omissions had been made "from the rolls", Auditor Shaff meant not the assessment roll alone, but the delinquent tax list as well.

Therefore, said Judge Ross, with firm and unfaltering voice before the council Wednesday night, Miss Van Brower must go further than the assessment roll to prove that the audit errs; she must also find her vindication on the delinquent tax lists. And he implied, although, being a good attorney, he did not state, that when she does she will then not be able to prove that the auditor had come a cropper.

It was all very mystifying at first—to the lobby. It wasn't so mystifying to the council members

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

Birney Adams Is Named Building Inspector

Carmel has a new municipal office—building inspector.

The office was created at Wednesday night's meeting of the city council by reason of the final adoption of the new building code ordinance. The ordinance carried an urgency clause which put the building code in effect at once. The building code automatically creates the office of building inspector.

That being a fact, it was then necessary for the city council to find a building inspector. It didn't look far. There are few persons in Carmel who expected it would look far. On the motion of Councilman Rowntree the office of city inspector, held at the moment by Birney W. Adams, was declared vacant. This put Mr. Adams out of a job. He was out of a job about one and one-third minutes—that is, just long enough for the city clerk to read a resolution which appointed Birney W. Adams building inspector. That is, long enough for her to read the resolution and call the roll. Everybody entitled to a vote voted "aye".

Birney W. Adams is now building inspector of Carmel.

Clay Otto and Dick Johnson were left at the post.

Renowned Pianist, Steuermann, Plays Thursday Night

Day after day and night after night the triumphs of the feast of music mount to the glory of God, of Johann Sebastian Bach and of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Tonight the renowned Steurmann, great piano virtuoso of Vienna and all Europe, hailed everywhere he goes as one of the truly remarkable pianists of our time, will sit on the platform at Sunset School, there greatly to enhance the already established success of the Festival. It would be a grave pity to miss him.

It will be a great privilege to hear him.

Wanda Krasoff, brilliant pupil of Alexander Raub, the West's leading exponent of the Double Keyboard Piano, will present the first two numbers of tonight's concert. Miss Krasoff, a member of a famous family of musicians, has proven her right to be included in the present company of distinguished performers.

ANOTHER DRYGOODS STORE IS MOVING IN ON US

Carmel is to have another drygoods store. F. R. Meagher, who has been conducting a store under the name of "Meagher and Company" on Lighthouse avenue in Pacific Grove for a number of years, has leased the place formerly occupied by the Purity Stores on Ocean avenue, between the Mission Market and the Village Five and Ten. He has started on renovations and improvements and should be ready to open to the public early in August.

(Continued from Page One)

newsstands and in the hands of the youthful street vendors until Saturday morning. By Monday morning there were not a dozen CYMBALS on the newsstands and by noon they could not be obtained for love or money.

We have been told, and who are we to deny it, that the Third Annual Bach Festival Edition of THE CYMBAL is the most beautiful edition of a newspaper ever published in Carmel. We have been told this by word of mouth and by letter, and we are led to believe that it was something of the sort by the general acclaim manifested in the unbelievably quick sale of every copy we had printed, over and above the regular amount for our subscribers.

Our circulation statement on another page of this issue tells in detail where copies of this edition went. It cannot, however, tell to what extent they were sent far and wide throughout the country by those who bought them in lots of fives and tens for mailing away.

We are proud of this edition and we are given to understand that Carmel is proud of it.

To those who made it possible, the editor wishes to express publicly his heartfelt gratitude: to Dorothea Castelhun, his wife, who set every line of body type in the edition, working day and night at her job; to Ben Schafer, whose artistic spirit and deft hand set the tempo in his conception of the great composer; to Dora Hagemeyer, Susan Porter, Lynda Sargent and George Hedley, who gave it living words; to Virginia Scardigli, who labored unceasingly to give it material form and speed it on its way; to Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, who turned from the stress of their Festival plans and preparations to aid in its preparation; and, finally and particularly, to A. Porter Halsey, who made it typographically beautiful.

They join me in the promise that the Fourth Annual Bach Festival edition of THE CYMBAL will be even finer in every way.

—W. K. B.

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Really No Ocean In Sight at Del Monte Jubilee

Sea travelers who do their sailing "by rail" and who would rather starve than eat while doing so won't have a thing to worry about tomorrow night when the Grace Liner *Santa Rosa* sails to the Del Monte Hotel for "A Jubilee in Panama".

There won't be an ocean in sight.

Notwithstanding, the *Santa Rosa* will sail up to the Hotel, dock in the "Panama Canal"—imported especially for the occasion—and discharge its passenger list into the Bali Room.

The room will be transformed into an exact replica of Kelly's Ritz Bar, famed night-spot of the City of Panama. Actual photographs taken by a recent visitor to the famous club have been copied in detail to make the reproduction accurate to the last degree.

High ranking members of the diplomatic, consular and social set of the San Francisco Latin-American colony will take part in the evening's festivities.

National songs and dances of Panama will be presented during dance intermissions by a troupe of native entertainers who are now making their first American tour.

Dance music will be furnished by Federigo Nagelo and his "Panama" orchestra. Nagelo, who has never been out of the United States, is better known by his Americanized name, Freddie Nagel.

A Letter to Mr. Palmer Beaudette In Answer to Charges He Makes Against The Carmel Cymbal

My dear Mr. Beaudette:

The following editorial paragraphs in your *Californian* have been brought to my attention. As I desire to reply to the charge contained therein, I quote them herewith:

> "Several times, for various dubious reasons, the more militant of our competitors has accused us of many unfair practices, like a little boy who has lost his marbles in a game and must needs say all the nasty things he can think of about his opponent. Far from being upset by these acusations, for we know that the troublesome opposition knows not of what he speaks—to put it mildly—we have continued to put out our paper.
>
> Now, however, contrary to the dictates of good taste, we are obliged to acquaint the people of Carmel with an odd situation which exists in the nest of the enemy. We do this not in a vituperative or vindictive frame of mind to further our own ends, but because this situation affects all business in Carmel.
>
> "Can one business in Carmel get by without paying the required $100 to establish an enterprise; without having a busines license? Is it either fair or good business to slide by day after day with excuses and pleading? Is there any reason why every business in the Village but the Cymbol Company, which presumably publishes the Cymbol, should pay the usual fee?
>
> "Dear Competitor, do as the law says, as everyone else does, or shut up.
>
> "Why, Bob Norton, as tax collector, haven't you done something about this flagrant case of tax evasion after having been cognizant with the situation for so long?"

In re-reading the above I note your sentence: "Is it fair or good business to slide by day after day with excuses and pleading?"

At the beginning of my reply may I assure you that I have resorted to no excuses or pleading on the part of THE CYMBAL. THE CYMBAL has no excuses to offer, no pleas to make. I am answering your charge; not asking for immunity.

The printing and publishing business which is today printing and publishing THE CYMBAL has been paying a business license in Carmel for many years.

THE CYMBAL PRESS of which The Carmel Press is a continuance, was printing and publishing THE CYMBAL 11 years ago and paying a license for so doing. In fact, the very press on which this issue of THE CYMBAL was printed is the same identical press on which I printed it 11 years ago, and on which as part of my equipment I was paying a business license in 1926. (Wonder where you were actually playing marbles in 1926.)

Since last December and up to two months ago THE CYMBAL was published "by The Carmel Press". Physically, and as to ownership, the situation has not changed. But for bookkeeping purposes and to facilitate the handling of accounts it is now published "by THE CYMBAL COMPANY". The business and equipment on which a business license was being paid two months ago, is the same as that on which a business license is being paid today.

Incidentally, the Bassett family was paying taxes in Carmel before anyone of the three persons named in your flag box were born.

As for the climax of your editorial comment, in which you query Chief of Police Norton on why he has not done something about "this flagrant case of tax evasion", may I inform you that you do Mr. Norton an injustice. He has already been sic-ed onto me about it from another source—the *Pine Cone*.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller were not concerned about business taxes two years ago when I was publishing a magazine solely under my own name. I was burning no hole in their blanket, then. But now, with the acrid smoke in their nostrils, they call on the chief of police to enforce the law, as they want him to see the law. It is along the same lines as the attitude which compelled the two silly holes in Mr. Ewig's galvanized iron wall. Along with the same attitude that has accepted an exchange copy of THE CYMBAL for six months and refuses a *Pine Cone* in exchange. It's an attitude born of desperation. Don't you get frantic. You print pictures and now you have Mr. Nesbitt. You needn't worry.

And now that I have answered your charge, how about replying to my accusations of "unfair practices" to which you refer? You inaccurately use the words "several" and "many" I made just two charges. I charged you with violating the Postal Laws and Regulations by using your second-class mailing privilege for the distribution of what was definitely a fake, unpaid-for circulation. That was unfair competition; unfair both to the *Pine Cone* and to THE CYMBAL which were obeying the postal laws. You made no reply to that.

I charged you, and I still charge you, with stealing the design and the type of CYMBAL advertising. You cannot duplicate it with your mechanical facilities or your human capabilities, so you make use of your off-set printing method to photograph it. The fact that you do proves that you and your advertisers recognize it as superior to anything you can do yourself. That is unfair competition; a bit weak-kneed, but still unfair. You have made no reply to that charge.

And, returning to the matter of licenses, might I suggest that your passionate desire to see justice done prompt you to offer Carmel a double license, as the bulk of your *Californian's* income comes out of Carmel while the bulk of its outgo goes to Monterey where it is set-up and printed.

Quite Respectfully,

W. K. BASSETT

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Alfred Frankenstein, music critic of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, will be in town for the Saturday and Sunday evening concerts of the Bach Festival. Pressing engagements in the bay region forced him to give up his usual daily review of the Bach Festival concerts.

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Brown Onions, 3 Pounds	10c
Apricots, 3 Pounds	14c
Freestone Peaches, 4 Pounds	25c
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City Tennis Courts Will Open With Tournament

Those tennis courts are going to be finished this Saturday, July 24. To open them there will be a tournament to see how many Budges and Marbles and Willses we have in town.

The tournament starts next week and the semi-finals will be played a week from Saturday. The finals, ladies and gentlemen, and the grand and official opening, will be August 1, a week from Sunday. The ceremonies will include the presentation of the tennis courts by Mayor Smith to the council and from the council to the park commission and from the park commission back to the mayor again, or something like that. About entry blanks and all that, see Spencer Kern or write him or phone 1036. The play-off will start next week.

Entry fees (which go to buy balls) will be 50 cents for the singles and 80 cents for doubles teams.

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Wissmueller Plays At All Saints On Friday

It was an hour of hypnosis, lending more the feeling of presence of the great Kapellmeister—of personal invasion of the event—than perhaps any other feature of the Festival can. This, by the fact that we think of him at the organ, pondering there, experimenting a little, making his music on some such modest instrument as the one provided by All Saints Church; by the fact of the church music and the fugue and the toccata; and by the sensitive interpenetration with the music achieved by Mr. Wissmueller. It was a fine illusion, the feeling that the young man at the console might conceivably have been the thoughtful, intent young Bach himself. A tribute intended as a compliment to the present organist and again to Miss Denny and Miss Watrous who have this year rounded out the tradition by including the two organ recitals.

Mr. Wissmueller, who has studied in New York and abroad and is now teaching in San Francisco, says that any young musician who does not eagerly grasp any opportunity to be associated with the Carmel Festival must be lacking in artistic and practical vision.

It is singular good fortune to have this young artist here, and if you will do him the honor to be seated in the church at four o'clock promptly on Friday afternoon, we promise you that the magnificence of the Passacaglia and Fugue at the end will be heightened in proportion as the concert has a clean and calm beginning. From his first note, Mr. Wissmueller creates a mood. The sustaining of this mood and its unbroken build up to the climax are the peculiar grandeur of the programming and the performance, as well as the music.

(The C Minor Passacaglia is a substitution at the conclusion of Friday's programme.)

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FLANDERS SAYS THERE WERE BEANS AT THIS BARBECUE

According to Paul Flanders there were beans at the Manzanita Club barbecue at Mike Murphy's place out the Valley Sunday. Paul can't remember anything else there was to eat because he cooked the beans. There were, however, beef steaks and fixings and for relaxation, there was swimming. There were 30 people there enjoying themselves for the afternoon.

DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Wanna buy a duck? *Goo-goo* Penner is looking for a new home. She has been replaced in the affections of her master, Joe Penner, of movie and radio fame, by a tousle-haired youngster named Coco. Joe was happy with Goo-goo and didn't want another pet, but Bela Lugosi, the actor, presented him with the raggedy little white sheep dog. Joe took one look at her peeking out at him from beneath her be-ribboned bangs and immediately lost his heart. *Coco* is a mischievous little one and insisted in playing in the Penner garden, so Joe had to send her away to finishing school where she could learn how young ladies should behave.

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Not since *Panam*, the French poodle, came to town has there been such a flutter of hearts among the young ladies of the village as there was when *Nod* Chetwynd passed through on his way to New York with his charming owner, Miss Harriet Chetwynd of Hollywood. Whether it was because he was wearing a silver link collar with the royal crest that once belonged to the dog of Ernest August, King of Saxony, or because he was so good-looking, the glamourous gentleman was the cause of many sighs and heart throbs. *Nod*, who is a silver and white Old English sheep dog, is a confirmed bachelor. His mistress took him to England to get him a wife, but he couldn't find one that suited him. He says he is too much of a gadabout to want to settle down.

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The attractive mole-colored Dobermann Pinscher seen about the village is *Fraeulein Gypsy* Hutten who is visiting here with her master and mistress, Dr. and Mrs. Hutten of Berlin. Fraeulein Hutten says that her family is the only one in all of Germany which wears the real mole-color coat.

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A dashing young Englishman, *Major* Fisher, was also a recent visitor in the village. He stopped off here with his owner, Miss Fisher, on a trip from Vancouver. The *Major*, a Yorkshire terrier, comes from the Lillyhill Rose Kennels in Canada and is a son of those two well known champions, *Tudor Rose* and *Lillyhill Supreme*.

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The handsomest blades and most beautiful belles of Carmel's dogdom are being bathed and brushed and carefully groomed for the Fourteenth Annual Bark Festival of the Del Monte Kennel Club to be held tomorrow at Hotel Del Monte. Among the localites who are showing their blueblooded protégés are Lindsay Gentry, Dr. E. F. Kehr, W. J. Cross, Harvey Higeley, Donald Bradburn, Mrs. Frank Andrews and Miss Sue Clark.

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Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Rihard were week-end guests of Borghild Janson at her studio on Eighth street. Both the Rihards are musicians. Mrs. Rihard sings under the name of Olive Hyatt and her husband is a well known pianist, a pupil of Harold Bauer. The couple shared a program given before the Musical Arts Club last May. Accompanying them on their recent visit to the Peninsula were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McCullough of Pasadena. McCullough is a radio artist.

Standard Oil Gas Station in Bad With Council

The Standard Oil Service Station in front of the Carmel Garage at Ocean avenue and San Carlos street is in bad with the city council.

Joe Burge brought up the matter of the station hogging the curb line for a length of some 75 feet or more on Ocean avenue and nearly as much on San Carlos. He was particularly annoyed at the red stripe that has been painted on the curb just east of ocean avenue, preventing parking there so that the service trucks of the company could always find a clear space from which to pump their gasoline supply into the service station tanks.

He pointed out that it was against the law to park along a curb painted red, and Councilman Rowntree opined that it was as much against the law for a Standard Oil truck to do it as for a private car. Councilman Thoburn, who has to do with such things as red lines, said he couldn't remember that permission for a red-painted curb had been granted. He said he would have it painted out.

Councilman Burge also called attention to the fact that some cars, after being serviced at the Standard station, would run out and turn west on the wrong side of Ocean avenue to reach San Carlos, and that this was a menace to safety. He said that the city had painted arrows on the concrete floor of the service station to lead traffic out east on Ocean avenue, but that these had worn away despite the promise of the company to maintain them.

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Peterson Heads Carmel Legion

Commander M. J. Peterson is commander also of the Carmel Post, American Legion. He was so elected at the annual meeting of the post.

Fred McIndoe is the new first vice-president and Ed Ewig the second. G. A. Burnette was elected finance officer, Major Delaney, adjutant; Tom Riley, sergeant at arms and A. C. Lafrenz, historian. Byington Ford, Gail Chandler, Jim Thoburn, Bill Muscatt and Colonel Taylor, with the elected officers, constitute the executive committee.

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HERE'S A CHANCE TO PUT OFFSPRING ON SKIDS

Starting this week, the Monterey Civic Club is sponsoring a roller-skating project for children each Tuesday and Thursday evening. The children are to bring their own skates and the rink will be the block of El Estero Boulevard, between Del Monte avenue and Franklin street. Recreational supervisors will be in attendance at all times. The street is well lighted.

Now, if we could have just one nice paved street in Carmel that doesn't run into the Ocean and could be blocked off for similar activities—! Anyway, this Monterey idea is not bad in case you want to park the youngsters for the first part of the evening when you go over the hill.

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Martin Flavin's latest play, entitled "Around the Corner", the American family in the midst of the depression, is being produced at the College of the Pacific Little Theater in Stockton this week-end. DeMarcus Brown is directing the play and Gene Rilla Cady will take the leading role. You may remember the delightful performances Miss Cady gave when she was here with the Pinon Players two years ago.

Howell's Voice Is High Light

The Bach Festival program is so arranged this year that the burden of the male voice will be carried by the bass-baritone. John Daggett Howell, young baritone of the San Francisco Opera Company, will give his magnificent voice to this service. Warm in timbre and impeccable in taste, Mr. Howell's voice reaches out to the calibre of the song-maker himself. In the Opera Company he is being given increasingly important roles. He is soloist at the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in San Francisco. All concerned feel that no finer single contribution to the Carmel Bach Festival will be made than Mr. Howell's voice.

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DELIGHT AND PROFIT IN ALL MISS PALACHE'S TALKS

For those who still need urging, reminding or informing, we should like to emphasize the delight and profit to be got from attending Myra Palache's lectures on Bach, the next edition of which will be given at Pine Inn Saturday morning at eleven. For those who know, as well as those who do not know, the music and the man, these informal talks are fascinating and enlightening. The Saturday lecture will concern the "Coffee Cantata", which will be given in the evening, and as usual, Miss Palache will illustrate her talk with recorded music and with her own vital piano interpretations.

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Lucita Squier Williams was in town for a few days this week. She has been covering the Russian flyers in San Diego for the Tass Agency, a Russian news syndicate. Wednesday she drove on up to San Francisco to continue with her interviews and observations.

Now!

A most extraordinary Sale of Genuine "El Patio"

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor
Vol. 7 No. 4
July 23, 1937

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Last week's bought-and-paid-for circulation of THE CYMBAL'S Bach Festival Edition (we mean exclusive of advertisers' copies, office files and office use) was, in detail, as follows:

Carmel Paid Subscribers	348
Carmel Newsstand Sales	265
Carmel Street Sales	176
Outside Newsstand Sales	20
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Outside Paid Subscribers	148
Total Paid Circulation	1039

These are figures, verifiable figures. The total could have been increased 100 per cent if we had only known our strength and doubled our press run.

STERLING GORRILL HERE; HE HASN'T MISSED A BACH FESTIVAL YET

Sterling Gorrill is in town again for the Bach Festival. Gorrill hasn't missed a concert in the three years of its existence. Comes down from Berkeley where he is doing research in the Physics Department, brings along a sleeping bag in case he can't get accommodations to suit the pocket book and makes a grand week of it. When Gorrill is not tinkering with the test tubes he enjoys playing his violin and has made the latter quite something of a hobby.

+ + +

PAUL MAYS NOW MEMBER OF CALIFORNIA GROUP

Paul Mays, well known artist now living on the Peninsula, has been asked to join *The California Group*. The group exhibited at Lial's Studio recently and several of May's watercolors were hung in the show, but he was not at the time an official member of the group. Mays, whose work has youth and vibrancy, is amazed at the rapid work of some of the younger members of the Group. He says they can turn out in half of an afternoon what it takes him a week to do. However, the picture on the wall is the final test and even if Mays does take a week he doesn't turn out static work. We hope that he may have an exhibit here soon; at present, most of his work is in the East.

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CLANGING CYMBALS

In Big Ed's seventeenth year, Judith Duchesne and her husband came to live on the old Sawyer place, across the brook from Ed. Schoodac Brook cuts through Schoodac diagonally, dividing the farms into pie-shaped wedges. The Sawyer place was on our side, with the wall running next to our blueberry pasture and ending right at the swimming hole. So that Father, who spent a good deal of time berrying and swimming, saw practically everything that went on between Judith and Big Ed.

The Sawyer place hadn't been lived in since old lady Sawyer hung herself in the woodshed, so it was kind of run down when this Little Dootchy, as the fellers called Duchesne, bought it. But it was a good piece of property and when it got winded about that the little Cannuck had beat the Sawyer girls down to a song, what with his half-wheedling, half-sarcastic way, the townsfolk didn't take to him a bit. Some folks said it was only sour grapes and they'd any one of them been glad to take it at that price themselves. But the fact remains that Little Dootchy was a slicker. He wasn't shrewd and casual, after the manner of a Yankee trader. He came down hard and ruthless and had you before you could squawk. He couldn't take a joke. And he was a furriner from way up Montreal, who spent a good deal of time in Boston and drove high stepping horseflesh that didn't step so high after you'd bought it from him. In fact, he had a bad name hereabouts almost before he and his wife got their stove set up.

Of an early morning, not long after the Duchesnes had moved in, and before the womenfolk had got around to calling, it being haying time, Father had taken the cattle to pasture and was lying like a little frog under the willows, when the back kitchen door of the Sawyer house opened and a woman came down the path with two pails. Father, in his hideout, sat up straight at sight of her. And just then Big Ed and the Dog, coming down to water their cattle, saw her, too. Ed stopped short in his tracks and gaped. It must have been quite a sight, those three—Judith Duchesne and Big Ed and the Dog. For Judith Duchesne was such a woman as had never been seen in those parts before. She was almost as tall as Big Ed himself—though he was now well over seven feet—and she was of an uncommon beauty. Many fine handsome women have come out of Schoodac Brook District, but never one like Judith Duchesne. They say she walked with a towering pride, like a great well-blooded animal, holding her head queenly. They say her black hair touched the ground when it was loose, and she wore it in braids that glistened on her head like a strange black crown of jewels in the sun. They say her eyes were clear gray, with no unwonted brightness but steady on. Even the women of Schoodac District still speak with high respect of Judith Duchesne and the eyes of the old men glitter when they recall her.

After a minute, without saying a word, Ed crossed over and took her pails away from her. It was a queer thing for Ed to do, and Father says he did it strangely, like a sleepwalker. But the strangest of all was the Dog. He went up without even smelling her and sat down before her. When she put out her big gentle hand and touched him and looked up at poor foolish Ed, standing there gaping at her, with those clear unsmiling eyes, Father says he ducked under water because he felt like crying for no good reason at all.

The next morning he went back to the swimming hole, just the same. And sure enough, there they were again, Ed following her up the path with the water pails. He set the pails on the door rock and came away without speaking. Father says he doesn't remember a word ever passing between them. Probably they did say something to each other, but it would have been little and nothing to matter. A day or two after this, Ed caught her trying to split some kindling and took away the axe, just as he had the water buckets. That night, Father heard a weird noise over toward Sawyer's and, creeping along by the stone wall, found Ed and the Dog crouched under the lee of a boulder, singing "Annie Laurie". Ed was having a terrible time trying to make the Dog sing easylike. Now, Dog, he would whisper, slapping the Dog on the nose, Soft. Soft. Like this. And pretty soon he had him making a sweet low sound like a blues singer. Father stayed and listened, fascinated. He says that was the sweetest singing he ever heard, excepting perhaps Mother on a Sunday evening when we were little. When they got to "Sweet Afton" and that place that goes: My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gently, sweet Afton, Disturb not her dream, Father says the last notes floated out on the evening air like moon streamers and Big Ed put his arms around the Dog's neck and cried like a baby.

Well, it seems Little Dootchy had been away in Boston all this time. Because, a few mornings after this singing episode, Ed got as far as the kitchen door with the water pails and out came Judith Duchesne's husband with a rawhide whip in his hand. It was the big rawhide Clessy Peters had had for show in his store for pretty near since anyone could remember. He'd taken care of that whip like a baby for years and the story of the bull it was made from makes a yarn all by itself. Then one morning, in comes Little Dootchy and claps a twenty dollar gold piece onto the counter and points to the whip. Clessy gets the whip down without thinking and grabs up the goldpiece and does his cussing afterwards.

Both Big Ed and Judith stopped for a minute, but when Little Dootchy swung his arm back to strike, Judith started to walk straight up to him. Ed made a sound in his throat and the Dog had the whip in his teeth, broken half in two, before it had uncoiled.

Ed got the Dog by the scruff before he finished the leap for the Frenchman's neck, and they ambled off down the path. Next day it was all over town. But Judith stopped coming for water and folks were whispering that Little Dootchy had said he'd get that great lummox of a fool and his dog if it was the last thing he did on earth.

—LYNDA SARGENT

+ + +

Gwen Stearns entertained the casts of the Three Sea Plays, produced by the St. James group, at her home last Sunday night following the performance.

Mrs. O. A. Baker and her sister-in-law, Mrs. H. K. Landram, of Merced, are enjoying the Festival series minus their respective husbands, who were here, however, for "Tatters" last Saturday.

+

Mrs. Helen Crockett of Toledo, Ohio, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lee at their home on Camino Real and Fourth.

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BACH FESTIVAL SECTION

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 7 · No. 4 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA · JULY 23, 1937 5 CENTS

SAYS THE EDITOR

A WELCOME TO A GREAT SPIRIT

Welcome, Johann Sebastian Bach!

Welcome to your spirit and the record you have left of it to arise again and again in a troubled world.

Coming as this welcome does from the writer of these few words, your spirit may not swell with pride in any esthetic sense, but it can revel in the sincerity of our wishing you to feel at home here again.

Being an honest editor, we are compelled to admit that we understand little of your genius, can react without excitement to the manifestation of it. The ingredients that went to make up our being ran short on musical understanding, musical appreciation. We confess to liking "Just a Song at Twilight" and the "Maine Stein Song". We love a soprano doing the Lucia thing, and the shriller she is the better. We can remember with how much delight we used to listen to our mother sing the old lullabies. We can even bring back the thrill we experienced when on Sunday mornings we heard her beautiful, full soprano carrying the hymns so that those around us stopped to listen to her. But we must admit that when our big brother, for whom the piano does his bidding with, to us, unbelievable fervor, ran through the compositions by you and those who stand up close to you in the realm of music, we were not moved.

We are sorry that this is so, because all around us from our infancy have been those who loved the great composers, who sat spellbound in the presence of their music, of yours. We know in this small city that hundreds upon hundreds marvel at your genius, and that into the city are coming this week-end hundreds upon hundreds of others. We know that we have lost something, are losing something, always.

But if we cannot understand, we can understand how others might. We reverence you for what you can do to them and for them. We bow in deep devotion before your shrine because it is the shrine of so many, has been through the years the shrine of so many.

Therefore we welcome your spirit to Carmel, your genius, the glorious manifestation of it, as it will be expressed by those who will sing and play here this next week.

We welcome you devoutly for making possible this great Bach Festival, giving joy and peace and inexpressible happiness to lovers of music.

And while we are extending this welcome to you, let us toss roses in the path of two other spirits, spirits who happen to be still among us; spirits, so to speak, in the flesh. Let us pay tribute to those who are lifting your spirit high within our gates—to Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, who created Carmel's Festival of Johann Sebastian Bach.

—W. K. B.

INTRICACIES of the fugue and the chorus
Voice over voice in ascent to the height,
Crisp mathematical tempo and interval,
Line around line till the sphere is complete:
Captain of counterpoint, claiming obedience
Rightfully who are content to obey—
Prince among architects, in whose integrity
Structure and substance eternally wed:
Valid, precise as these virtues they catalogue,
Critical judgments reecho your form;
Truth lies beyond them as past your exactitude:
Sperm of theophany, life-giving Word,
Truth's incarnation within the Kapellmeister—
Voice of community, thunder of God.

—GEORGE HEDLEY

AUS TOCCATA

NACH CHORALE

CARMEL GREETS ALL LOVERS OF BEAUTIFUL MUSIC AT 3RD ANNUAL BACH FESTIVAL

Again the spirit of the immortal Bach moves into our midst and we stand silenced by the beauty of great music. From Carmel's little tree-hidden houses, come strains of symphonies and concertos, students practising violins, 'cellos, flutes. Music-lovers come to the Sunday-evening rehearsals, glad of the opportunity to hear the Festival work in progress; to become familiar with themes and structure by the repetitions and corrections which rehearsals naturally bring. Few there are in these audiences who do not envy the players their privilege of actual participation—to be really performing such music is a great step to making it one's own.

This is the third year of Carmel's annual Bach Festival and its fame is already spreading throughout the country. For a long time Carmel had writers and painters of distinction but no musicians. It had intellectual beauty and physical beauty but no heart. With the establishment of the yearly Festival, Carmel, we feel, has come into its own.

To those who feel the need of a closer acquaintance with the life and works of Johann Sebastian Bach is given the rare privilege of hearing the lectures of Myra Palache during the Festival week. Miss Palache is an authority on Bach and her talks reveal her love and devotion to the great composer. She reveres him as a human being and reverences him as a divine genius. She understands his deeply religious nature and the far-reaching significance of his work. To many of us her lectures last year came as a revelation and led to a greater appreciation of Bach during the whole Festival and beyond.

In listening to the music of Bach one listens to the drama of life. Strand beneath strand of the living substance is revealed. The surface is often the least conspicuous. Great currents of thought and emotion weave and intermingle in the depths and the pure delicacy which flowers like light upon them comes always from this profundity. To listen to Bach is to listen to life, because Bach himself listened to life and wrote down in immortal symbols that which he heard. —D. H.

Bach Everywhere But Not For $800

Another story comes into the office to add to the collection of Bachiana. This one happened a week ago Wednesday at Bank Night at the Carmel Theater. You ask what Bank Night has to do with the Bach Festival. We don't know. But while Mr. Bach (Johann Sebastian) is receiving all the prizes and laurels this week, last week a door prize of $800 was offered to Mrs. Bach. Mrs. Bach wasn't in the theater. Even when the Master of the Purse called loudly for Bach—B . A . C . H, no answer came except a resounding cheer from the audience. The Bach family is in the limelight, as well as being the lovelight in many a person's eye this week.

Just Wanted His Horse in Festival

He swung in on akimbo legs, bent into chaps, well tasseled. His Stetson rode high, but jerked off at the counter of the Denny-Watrous Management. He looked at the placards above and about him. He decided he was getting warm on the trail.

"Say," he sez to Jean Crouch behind the counter, behind the rack of tickets, "where do I go to enter my horse in this here Festival?"

Jean went down, temporarily, behind the counter, behind the rack of tickets, but she came back before the count of six.

"But we couldn't use a horse in the Festival, it's a mu—"

"Sure you can. He's the best trick horse in the country. He can do anything—anything I tell him. He'll help put the thing over."

"But," interposed Jean, "The Festival is in an auditorium—on a stage."

"That's O.K. King's been on lots of stages. He's used to 'em."

"But—" Jean tried again. At this point Dene Denny, from the offing, entered the lists.

"Can your horse sing tenor?" she inquired in that mildness of voice that is Dene's.

The Stetson jammed back on, and the chaps bent toward the door.

The last word he said sounded like "Baach!"

Those Who Sing and Those Who Play

OUR MAYOR - ONE OF THE BASSOS

THE SOLOISTS

ALICE MOCK, soprano. Of Chicago Civic Opera. Brilliant lyric soprano, an American, born in Oakland. Great success in Opera in Paris and in the Chicago Opera. Very beautiful high soprano, unfailingly true and sweet.

EVELYN SNOW, contralto. Rarely sympathetic and well-trained voice. Lovely personality has captivated audiences in New York and throughout West. Pupil of Richard Hageman, Louis Graveure, Elsa Alsen.

JOHN DAGGETT HOWELL, bass-baritone. Of San Francisco Opera Company. Mr. Howell's magnificent understanding of Bach, together with a superb voice and great range, will furnish a real high spot in the Festival.

ANDREW SESSINK, tenor. Carmel's own tenor. A voice of unusually fine quality.

LILLIAN STEUBER, pianist. Plays D major concerto with orchestra on Monday evening, July 19. Californian by birth. 'An ideal combination of sensitiveness and high feeling' strengthened by very great talent musically. Played with distinction under Klemperer, and in Europe and the East.

NOEL SULLIVAN, basso. Concert singer with polished artistry. Patron of the arts and associated with the Bach Festival as bass soloist since its beginning. Sings Four Sacred Songs in Tuesday evening's program.

EDWARD STEUERMANN, pianist. Plays Bach's piano works on Thursday program, July 22. Steuermann not only one of world's great pianists but a significant personality in the world of music and of men. Has played chamber music recital with Kolisch Quartet, and been soloist with Europe's and America's greater symphonies. Ranked in Europe as only to be compared with Schnabel.

ALEXANDER MURRAY, violinist. Soloist of A minor concerto in Saturday night's concert. An artist of whom America may well be proud. Has played in ensemble with Michel Penha, Lillian Steuber and Ralph Linsley on many occasions. Appears on July 22 as soloist in Hollywood Bowl.

RALPH LINSLEY, pianist. Official pianist of Bach Festival. One of California's finest ensemble players. Has accompanied Spalding and played with the Penha Trio, etc. Appears as soloist in Bach Festival in the Brandenburg Concerto III on Tuesday evening, July 20, and with Grace Thomas, flute, on Sunday evening, July 25.

OLGA STEEB, pianist. Distinguished pianist, now conducting a master class in Carmel. Known throughout the country for her great artistry and charm of piano playing. Appears with Sascha Jacobinoff in a sonate for violin and piano on Tuesday evening program.

SASCHA JACOBINOFF, violinist. Eminent Philadelphia artist. Conductor of Bach Festival last year. Now holding a master class of violin in Carmel. Appears with Olga Steeb on Tuesday evening program in a sonate for violin and piano.

MYRA PALACHE, lecturer. An authority on Bach. Gives lectures each morning on the programs of the evening. Lectures illustrated by Miss Palache at the piano.

WANDA KRASOFF, pianist of Moor Double Keyboard. Pupil of Alexander Raab. Appears on Thursday evening program.

GRACE THOMAS, flute. Appears on Sunday evening program in a sonate for flute and piano with Ralph Linsley. One of California's finest artists of the flute.

WINIFRED HOWE, pianist. Appears with Anne Greene in concerto for two pianos on Tuesday evening program. One of Carmel's finest musicians.

ANNE GREENE, pianist. Appears with Winifred Howe in concerto for two pianos on Tuesday evening program. Just returned from New York to her Carmel home to take part in Bach Festival.

E. RICHARD WISSMUELLER, organist. One of the foremost organists of West. Engaged in 1928 as soloist by the Bach Gesellschaft in Leipsic. Has given concerts in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, Town Hall, New York, in Philadelphia, etc. Gives organ recitals in All Saints' Church on Wednesday and Friday afternoons, July 21 and July 23, at 4 o'clock, as part of the Bach Festival program.

BERNARD CALLERY, Assistant Conductor. Young conductor, pupil of Gastone Usigli, who shows great promise. Has carried on all the preparatory rehearsals of Orchestra and Chorus for the Festival. Conducts the Brandenburg Concerto on Tuesday evening.

THE ORCHESTRA

MICHEL PENHA, conductor.

BERNARD CALLERY, assistant conductor.

VIOLINS • Robert Nagler, concert master. Valona Brewer, Sylvain Bernstein, Leonard Cooper, Theodor Gilbert, Eugenia Goerling, May Grubgeld, Robert Jensen, James Kam, Elizabeth Moser, Jean Pomeroy, Henrietta Sobelman, Orley Stee, Mildred Sahlstrom Wright.

VIOLAS • Sydney Peck, Earl Alcorn, Nancy Bragg, Miriam Smith.

CELLOS • Charles Frisbie, Jean Crouch, Oriana Chappel, David Hagemeyer, Leland Long.

OBOES • Hoyle Carpenter, Marshall Atkinson.

FLUTES • Grace Thomas, Forrest Honnold.

DOUBLE BASS • William Clark.

PIANO • Ralph Linsley.

TYMPANI • Harold Bartlett.

TRUMPETS • Frank Tweed, Ross Hanna, Richard Phillips, Maddux Hogin.

THE CHORUS

SOPRANOS • Edith Anderson, Jean Aiken, Jean Hyde, Evelyn Hicks, Glenna Peck, Joey Nagler, Ann Sapero, Willa Tice, Jane West, Jeanne Wilding.

ALTOS • Barian Cator, Ruth Cooke, Camilla Daniels, Betty Hyde, Edda Heath Pappel, Thelma Miller, Helen Piner, M. Frances Wild, May Williams, Harriet Walker.

TENORS • Andrew Sessink, Homer S. Bodley, Bernard Callery, Edward George, Paul Johnson.

BASSES • William Bishop, R. L. Bruckman, D. R. Campbell, Joseph Clague, Francis Gyle, Edward Hopkins, Allan Robertson, Everett Smith, Charles Walker, Morris Wild, Dr. W. B. Williams, W. G. Wolfe.

ORLEY SEE, ORCHESTRA LEADER, GLAD TO PLAY WITH FIRST VIOLINS

And along comes Mr. Orley See crashing right into our old misanthropic conception of man as a little fellow trying to make a great big bass noise of himself. For we are holding up the presses to relate that the modest gentleman sitting over there with the first violins is leader of the Oakland Symphony Orchestra: has been for fifteen years a member of the San Francisco and Cincinnati Symphony Orchestras and has played under one of the most impressive arrays of conductors that we have ever seen in one string—Stokowski, Hertz, Molinari, Walter, Monteux, Gabrilowich—and now Penha.

He says, at this last minute and incidental to asking Dene what kind of clothes he should wear, that this information may and may not be of interest. We say that we know a lot of people who ought to train for life in an orchestra. Even if your record were not of interest, Mr. See—and be quite certain it is—your sense of proportion is.

LILLIAN STEUBER - PIANIST

Herewith the East Is Informed About Our Butchers and Bakers and Such Who Also Lift Voices in Praise

Dear Friend:

When I got your letter asking me about our Bach Festival, I was on my way to a rehearsal. But by a somewhat devious route. It was just after dinner and I went for the mail, in our village fashion, and was then bound for a postprandial stroll.

Since you have never been in Carmel, I think, aside from what you will get out of THE CYMBAL in response to your query, you should know something of this setting God has created here for the music of Bach.

In the quiet of these summer evenings, before the movies have begun and the bars and drug store corners have got into swing, Carmel lies digesting its dinner on a sort of natural chaise longue—its head on the top of a foothill of the Santa Lucias and its feet comfortably buried in sand at the foreshore of the Pacific.

It is terribly thrilling, really. There is also the man who gives me air for my tires and looks sadly at my broken fenders and he is Andrew—another shade of Upper Bavaria—whose immaculate and tender "Gottes Zeit" always makes me cry. He, too, feels the impact of the setting for the music and will hold one of those gasoline filler-up things absently in his hand and try to tell you how there is the same spiritual stupendousness here, the same adequacy of reach that funny little crippled Gretchen who kept the laundry used daily to speak to us about in her delectable, crooked English.

I stopped in to get some liver for my cat and one of the bassi of the chorus got it out of the refrigerator and cut it up for me. Hitherto, he has always been good old Joe to me: who expertly bisects a fryer and never forgets to put in the giblets. I tell you, when I first saw him throwing out that big bass voice in the chorus, I went back quite instantly to that spring we spent with Mary Magdalene and those evenings we used to lie in her attic after work and speculate on the angle of incidence of the roof. Joe tells me he began singing to the hills in the old country—which is Wales—as far back as he can recall, and then each year at the National Eisteifodd at Ryhl. He cuts a piece of beef cunningly and with a mean knife and his eyes grow distant with the Welsh mountains, which he says are quite similar to ours, in a way.

But we have the ocean, too. The ocean seems to me like the orchestra. In early evening its gulls and the streaming chiffon foam along the wave crests make lament like the violins and in its resonances all the terrifying contrapuntal voices may be heard. It is a rocky coast, you know, not great smooth ledges of rock like ours at home, but heroic old boulders, beaten and jagged, taking the sea in their stride while knowing it will slowly break them to bits. There is something enormous in the thought. At home, I feel the granite headlands an even match for the Atlantic. Here, the rocks will be broken, yet they stand out there in the cacophony and their sound is the horns and the basses and they are not defiant to their Lord.

I know I should not carry this mood too far, but I can't but mention the great instrument of Bach—the organ, which is a mountain in the sight of the most high. Here, the Santa Lucias arrange themselves in series like great pipes and on them play the sturm and drang of all our life. The sun sets them aglow with blazoning toccate; the great winds blow up fugue on fugue until 'tis more than one can well endure at times; and when it seems too high and passionate for us little people, the fogs come down with muting fingers and the master moves to his gentle clavichord and the susurrations of the sea and hills content the spirit marvelous.

Before I struck back up the hill to the rehearsal, I sat on the top rock in front of Tor House for a moment and watched the pelicans get ready for bed. What a sense of humor our God has!

What They Sing and What They Play

Complete Program of the Bach Festival

Monday, July 19 • Lecture, Myra Palache, Pine Inn, 11 a.m. • Heralding trombones, 8 p.m. • Concert Sunset School Auditorium, 8:30 p.m.
MICHEL PENHA, Conductor

Three Chorals.....Festival Chorus
Gelobet seist du, Jesu Christ
Aus tiefer Noth, schrei ich zu dir
Freuet Euch, Ihr Christen alle
Overture, D major.....Orchestra
Grave • Vite • Grave • Air • Gavotte I
Gavotte II • Bouree • Gigue
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, D major.....Lillian Steuber, Soloist
Allegro assai • Adagio • Allegro
Cantata • Freue dich, erloeste Schaar.....Festival Chorus, Soloists, Orchestra
Chorus • Freue dich, erloeste Schaar
Basso • Recitative, Aria
Alto • Recitative, Aria
Choral • Eine Stimme laesst sich hoeren
Basso • Recitative, Aria
Soprano • Aria
Tenor • Recitative
Chorus • Freue dich, erloeste Schaar
Alice Mock, soprano • Evelyn Snow, contralto
John Daggett Howell, bass-baritone
Andrew Sessink, tenor

Tuesday, July 20 • Lecture, Myra Palache, Pine Inn, 11 a.m. • Heralding trombones, 8 p.m. • Concert Sunset School Auditorium, 8:30 p.m.
Brandenburg Concerto No III, G major.....For strings alone
Theodor Gilbert • Valona Brewer • Elizabeth Moser
Sydney Peck • Earl Alcorn • Miriam Smith
Charles Frisbie • Jean Crouch • Leland Long
William Clark • Ralph Linsley, piano
BERNARD CALLERY, Conductor
Four Sacred Songs for Bass with Strings.....Noel Sullivan
O Jesulein suess, O Jesulein mild
Brich entzwei, mein armes Herz
Jesu unser Trost und Leben
Es ist vollbracht, vergiss ja nicht dies Wort
Sonate for Piano and Violin.....Olga Steeb • Sascha Jacobinoff
Suite in G for Cello alone.....Michel Penha
Concerto in C major for Two Pianos.....Winifred Howe • Anne Greene
Allegro maestoso • Adagio • Fuga (Allegro)
MICHEL PENHA, Conductor

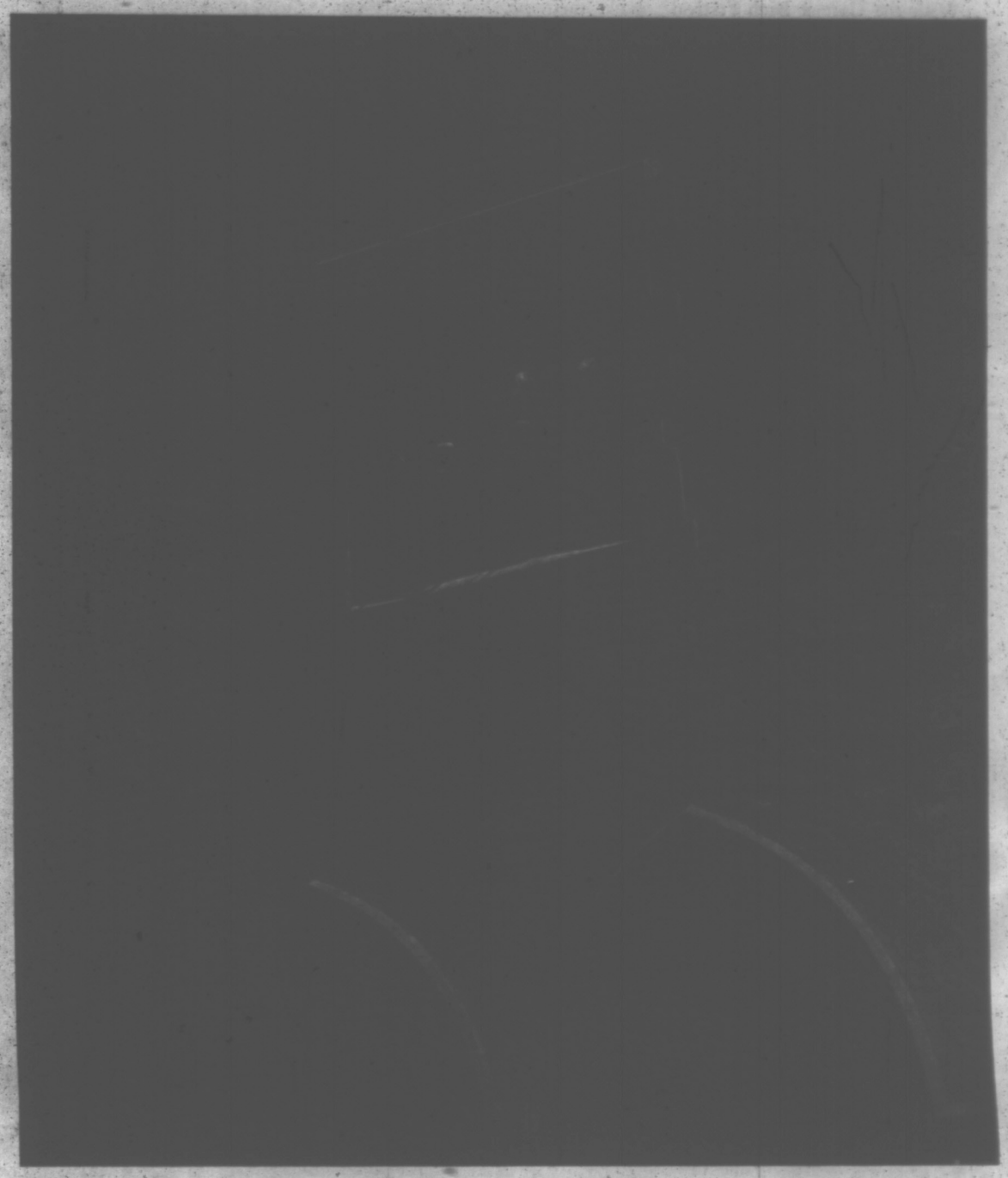
Wednesday, July 21 • Organ Recital, E. Richard Wissmueller, All Saints Church, 4 p.m.
Prelude in A minor
Chorales from the Orgelbuechlein
Jesu, Priceless Treasure
Oh man, bemoan thy fearful sin
Let all together praise our God
Christ lay in Bonds of Death
Fugue in E flat major (St. Anne's)
Adagio from 'The Third Trio Sonata'
Andante from 'The Fourth Trio Sonata'
Choral Preludes
Our Father, who art in Heaven
Wake, awake, the Voice calls to us
Deck thyself, my Soul, with Gladness
Toccata and Fugue in D minor

Thursday, July 22 • Lecture, Myra Palache, Pine Inn, 11a.m. • Heralding trombones, 8 p.m. • Concert Sunset School Auditorium, 8:30 p.m.
Adagio, from D minor Concerto,
Arranged for Double Keyboard Piano.....Wanda Krasoff
Chaconne, arranged for Double Keyboard Piano.....Wanda Krasoff
Preludium and Fugue D major.....Edward Steuermann
Partita E minor.....Edward Steuermann
Three Preludes and Fugues
from the Well-Tempered Clavichord.....Edward Steuermann
D minor • A flat major • C sharp major
Two Chorals.....Edward Steuermann
Wacht auf, es ruft die Stimme • Nun freuet Euch
Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue.....Edward Steuermann

Friday, July 23 • Organ Recital, E. Richard Wissmueller, All Saints Church 4 p.m.
Prelude and fugue in E minor
Choral Preludes
My inmost heart doth yearn
In dulci jubilo
When we are in deepest need
March from 'Dramma per Musica'
Chorale from Cantata 142
Sinfonia from Cantata 156
Canzona in D minor
Chorales from the Orgelbuechlein
From heaven above to earth I come
Lord, hear the voice of my complaint
If thou but suffer God to guide thee
Hark, a voice saith 'All are mortal'
Prelude and fugue in D major

Saturday, July 24 • Lecture, Myra Palache, Pine Inn, 11 a.m. • Heralding trombones, 8 p.m. • Concert Sunset School Auditorium, 8:30 p.m.
MICHEL PENHA, Conductor
Overture B minor • For strings and flute.....Grace Thomas, flute
Grave • Allegro • Grave • Rondeau • Sarabande
Bouree I • Bouree II • Polonaise • Double
Menuet • Badinerie
Concerto in A minor for violin and orchestra.....Alexander Murray
Allegro • Andante • Allegro assai
Coffee Cantata...Alice Mock • John Daggett Howell • Andrew Sessink
Recitative, tenor • Aria, basso • Soprano and basso
Aria, soprano • Soprano and basso • Aria, basso
Soprano and basso • Aria, soprano • Recitative, tenor
Chorus, soprano and basso
(Schlendrian tries to break his daughter Lieschen of the coffee habit. Lieschen begs him to be lenient, saying, 'If I do not have my little cup of coffee three times a day I shall be like a dried-up piece of roast goat's meat.' Her father's threats are useless—she will give up her promenades, her fashionable whalebone skirt, even the silver ribbon for her cap. Only when she is engaged to a man will she consent to give up coffee. 'So do it today, dear father,' she coaxes in her last aria. But she resolves to admit no wooer unless he will promise her that she may make coffee as often as she wants to.)

Sunday, July 25 • Carmel Mission • Heralding trombones, 8:30 p.m.
MICHEL PENHA, Conductor
Cantata • God's Own Time
Orchestra • Sonatina
Chorus • Tenor • Basso • Chorus • Soprano
Alto • Basso • Chorus
Sonate for Piano and Flute.....Ralph Linsley • Grace Thomas
Cantata • Freue dich, erloeste Schaar
Alice Mock • Evelyn Snow • John Daggett Howell
Andrew Sessink • Festival Chorus • Orchestra



THE TROMBONES' CALL

How Bach Festival Had Its Beginning As Important Musical Event of West

At eight o'clock on the evening of July 19 of this year of our Lord, 1937, a quartet of trombones will sound from the balcony of Sunset School Auditorium, proclaiming in mellow tones, "Rejoice, ye Christians all", summoning the village of Carmel to its third annual Bach Festival.

The Bach Festival is really the flowering of the Monterey Peninsula Orchestra, which Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous founded in June, 1932. These two believers in music as an integral factor of living had brought the Neah-Kah-Nie String Quartet to Carmel for a series of chamber concerts, and persuaded its director and cellist, the eminent Michel Penha, to conduct the music making of the eager group of professionals and amateurs which they had gathered together from all parts of the Peninsula.

Open rehearsals of Quartet and Orchestra were established, and the sponsorship of the Carmel Music Society secured for the entire enterprise. Young and old flocked to the low-raftered Gallery on Dolores Street to the rehearsals, and old and young played in the orchestra. Children and college students were heard whistling Bach and Mozart on the beach, and the first concerts of the Orchestra were successful beyond all expectation.

For the winter of 1932 and '33, the Carmel Music Society assumed the financial obligation of retaining Michel Penha as the conductor of the orchestra, and presented Quartet and Orchestra in a winter and summer season of concerts.

At the end of the year the Denny-Watrous Management again became responsible for the Orchestra's destiny, and, aided by contributions from supporters of music under the name of the Monterey Peninsula Orchestra Association, they kept Michel Penha as director for another season, presenting a summer series of chamber concerts of the Penha Quartet with Nathan Abas as guest artist, the Carmel Music Society lending its name as sponsor.

During the winter of 1933-34, Miss Denny and Miss Watrous, again aided by contributions from patrons of music, were enabled to bring Mr. Penha down from San Francisco at irregular intervals to conduct rehearsals of the orchestra, and over the summer of 1934 to present a series of chamber concerts with the Penha Piano Quartet and the Orchestra. Open rehearsals crowded the Denny-Watrous Gallery to capacity, and students from different parts of the state came to Carmel over the summer in order to play under Mr. Penha's direction.

In the fall of 1934, Michel Penha went south, and the Management engaged that excellent musician, Ernst Bacon, to come down from San Francisco to direct the orchestra twice a month, and a Christmas concert, featuring Brahms' "Requiem" was given. It was Ernst Bacon who first voiced the term "Bach Festival", and with his generous and inspired cooperation Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous brought about the first annual Bach Festival, July 18 to 21, 1935, Ernst Bacon conducting. Soloists of prominence contributed their talents, and professionals and amateurs united to do honor to Bach.

Sacha Jacobinoff of Philadelphia was the Festival's second conductor, and in 1937, today, once more Michel Penha holds the baton over the Orchestra which five years ago little dreamed of its present stature.

To Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous Must Go Credit For The Feast of Music That Is Our Bach Festival

With the Carmel Bach Festival rounding the corner this season to come in full view of assured long life and crescendent success, it is time to pay full tribute to the two women whose vision and patience and hard work have at last become fruited with achievement—to Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous. Through their continuous and often hazardous effort over a number of years to maintain the highest standard of artistic performance in whatever they have done they have now accomplished something that bids fair to outrun their best hopes. Into this accomplishment they have put many uncommon virtues, which, it is pleasant to discover, have not been their own sole reward.

In nineteen hundred and twenty-two, Miss Denny and Miss Watrous came to Carmel from a busy season in San Francisco, for a six-weeks' rest. They intended, then, to go on to New York. A real community of interests had brought these two artists together and they were eager to try out new fields of endeavor. Miss Watrous, a graduate in Design from Pratt Institute and Columbia University, had also been a favorite pupil of Piazzoni, who had foretold great things for her should she choose the lot of portrait painting. She had, instead, elected to teach and for some years had been Supervisor of Art for the Alameda Schools, supplementing her teaching with some beautiful work done at her own easel. While she was in Carmel she designed a house for her mother. The result attracted so much attention hereabouts that a real estate broker offered her inducement to do as many more as she liked and she went ahead and designed thirty-six. On one of her houses she put a red roof, the first color introduced into Carmel architecture and, along with the bluejays, the first relief from the sombre greens of this hillside town. People came from all around to gaze on it and on the modernists who were making all the fuss.

For they were modernists. While Miss Watrous was busy architecting, the six weeks had quite overrun themselves and Miss Denny had become engrossed in making programs of modern music for the piano and traveling about the state executing them. Herself an artist of distinction, a pupil of Wager Swayne, Miss Denny was shortly after to give the first program of modern piano music ever given in the West. She was first in America to play the Schoenberg Op. 23. In San Francisco she had attracted much attention to her work.

Add to piano and painting, the drama. While they were making the first beginnings of the concert series for which they later became nationally known, they leased the Theatre of The Golden Bough and produced eighteen plays, more or less contemporary; "The Emperor Jones", "Ghosts", "Liliom", to name a few. Not only their selection but the best tradition in workshop production contributed further to enhance the artistic validity of the sponsors and to demonstrate their versatiliy. It is well-known that it was at the famous Denny-Watrous Gallery on Dolores street that one of the first productions of "The Drunkard", with a practically all Carmel cast, began its jocose and still exuberant career.

But, as successful and amusing as their forays into other territories have been, it is in the field of music and music production that Miss Denny and Miss Watrous have made their peculiar contribution. Bringing the best artists in the world to Carmel, the little Gallery was thrown wide to open rehearsal, marking another now much-imitated venture into musical life. Here people gathered to listen to the best; to speak of the best: to indulge in the kind of human intercourse which has made a few small towns in the world great. Such nights, for instance, as that when Stravinsky's "L'Histoire d'Un Soldat", interpreted by Nicolas Sloninsky, was played for an audience that had so varying a character as to contain Lincoln Steffens and Elizabeth Rethberg: nights when the intimacy of the performance called for the comfort of the big studio on Dolores street, rather than the Gallery, and the talk and the coffee went on and on. Nights when the first rather febrile voices of the embryonic Monterey Peninsula Orchestra could be heard wailing up and down the avenue by any citizens going for the last mail.

The story of how the Carmel Bach Festival grew is printed elsewhere in this issue of THE CYMBAL. At the time of this writing, the Festival is in rehearsal—open rehearsal—for its third season. There is no doubt whatever that the orchestra and chorus have gained tremendously—decisively—over former performances in body of their work, in maturity of technique, and what is so much more vital than anything else, in understanding of the language Bach spoke. There is an almost bitter intensity in their efforts; a conviction which carries convincingness. In large part, Miss Denny and Miss Watrous are also responsible for this. One conductor can do it. But they have had various conductors, all working, to be sure, to the same good end. But it is, rather, what is expected of them by the women who are sponsoring them, that animates all the performers throughout the year to prepare for the event. The young chap who was found sitting on the steps of the Dolores street studio, waiting for summer to come, is only one illustration of this.

To those who live in Carmel and have a part in its valid artistic life, Miss Watrous and Miss Denny are Hazel and Dene. Both are beautiful women; both women of great charm. Their several distinguishments are so exactly complementary that the double light in which they have seen their ideal come to maturity has been a true and constant focus on the common vision. No stature to which the Carmel Bach Festival could grow in the world of noteworthy achievement could outdistance the perceiving of the two women whose work it is.

—L. S.

Evelyn Snow Gives Essential Quality To Bach Music

Evelyn Snow, brilliant young contralto of the Bach Festival, gives to the interpretation of Bach the mellowness and reverence essential. There is a rare quality to her voice—intelligence inmingled with artistry. Her delightful personality added, she has captivated audiences in New York and throughout the West. Mrs. Snow trained under such authorities as Richard Hageman, Louis Graveure and Elsa Alsen. In her rendition of Bach is the true feeling of worship.

Alice Mock, Soprano of the Festival A Presence of Music Among Us

The clear crystal of the music of Johann Sebastian Bach, its polyphonic voices flowing like purest water from some high mountain stream, seems best conveyed through the soprano organ. For the singing of Bach's music the voice must be high, true, sweet and clear, and of unfaltering intonation. Back of the utterance must be mature musicianship and the soul's responding beat to that inscription with which Bach signed all his works those two hundred years ago in Eisenach—"In nomine Jesu".

To the Bach Festival this year comes a soprano, whose singing seems so a part of the music that it is not a great soloist come to a Festival to sing in 1937, but a presence of music, serenely saying over all the orchestra and chorus, as in the "God's Own Time" cantata, "Lord Jesus Come".

Alice Mock, soprano soloist, is an American, born in Oakland, California. She has been a member of the Marseilles Opera Company, the Geneva Opera Company, and the Chicago Civic Opera as a leading soprano. Her voice is coloratura and lyric in quality, which makes it a proper organ for the high arias of the "Freue Dich", "God's Own Time" and the "Kaffee" Cantatas which are on this year's Festival program.

Eugene Stinson of the Chicago Journal paid Miss Mock the tribute of placing her with the elect in music, writing; "Miss Mock seems destined to rank with that small group of artists . . who, regardless of their other qualities, are invaluable here in Chicago because of the tradition for serious, sincere and unspotted workmanship they assist in establishing."

"Unspotted workmanship"! A fine phrase that, and suitable for the music of Bach. It is the sort of singing that Alice Mock does, polished, and finished. Miss Mock will be heard on Monday, Saturday and Sunday nights of the Festival.

What a Little Girl Thinks About Bach

One wouldn't expect such doings from such a small, little place as Carmel, but really, the Bach Festival is something that even Carnegie Hall can't boast of. It started three years ago and has happened every summer since. The first year was lots of fun because 2 of the visiting musicians stayed at our house. They come from far and near either to solo or just to play with the orchestra.

We go to the rehearsals whenever we can. It is a grand way to learn Bach, and Michel Penha, the conductor, is very entertaining. As a musician he is wonderful and his ideas are very modern. The other night when trying to get a crisper tone from the orchestra he told them that Bach was the first air-conditioned composer because there is air between each note.

Miss Myra Palache talks every morning about the evening's program. Besides explaining musical construction she shows how Bach's life came into his music.

One of my best friends is playing in the orchestra this year. I only wish I were good enough to get in. It makes all of us want to join, and get the fun of playing Bach as well as hearing him.

—MARGO COFFIN

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There is a speech that does not lean on words
But passing through the barrier of the mind
Enters the heart directly, as swift birds
Cut through the cloud, their evening tree to find.
Along the modulation of a tone
There comes the shadow of remembered grief
Or sudden bliss that shone for joy alone
As light upon the turning of a leaf.
Too often in the mind's most devious ways
With waning strength a poem strays along
Till, wandering as a walker in a maze
The words despair, and fail to bear the song.
But music, with no path through mind to seek
Is instant language for the soul to speak.

—DORA HAGEMEYER

CARMEL MISSION SAN CARLOS

WHERE FINAL CONCERT, ENDING THE THIRD ANNUAL BACH FESTIVAL, WILL TAKE PLACE SUNDAY NIGHT, JULY 25

Susan Porter Tells What Festival Means to Us

At tea in a New York apartment last November my hostess talked of her summer trip to California. She told of a charming village by the sea and of an accident that kept her there for a month.

"But I could not regret it," she said, "for think what I found! They were putting on a Bach festival there in that town—a whole week given over to music, and that music Bach. There were lectures in the morning and concerts in the evening and I went to every one, on my crutches."

When I claimed the little town as my home she exclaimed over my good fortune.

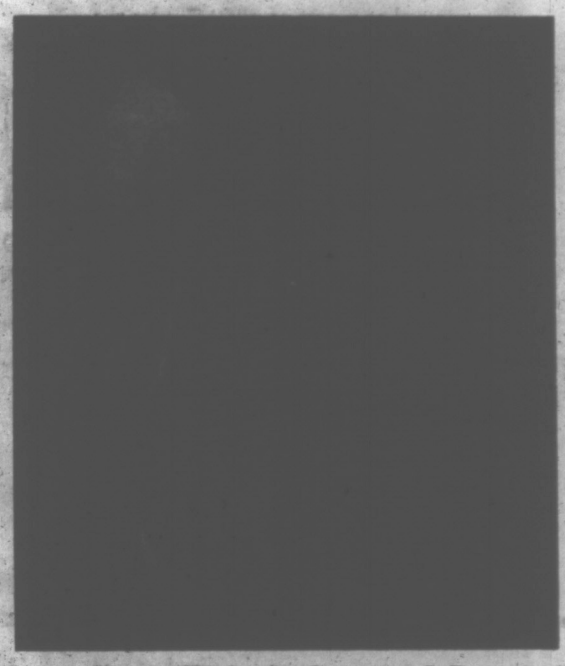
"Do you realize," she demanded, "that you are making musical history out there?"

That is a good way for a town to be known.

But Carmel is doing still another thing in this Bach festival. Whether we word it to ourselves or not, we are affirming and reaffirming our belief in the permanent value of beauty. And, wordlessly again, we affirm that the same great laws of rhythm govern the stars in their courses and the plucked strings of a violin, and that those laws find fulfillment despite all the mistakes and the agonies of humans. And that is a good thing to be sure of in this moment of our day on earth.

—SUSAN PORTER

MICHEL PENHA



CONDUCTOR

Michel Penha, Leading Third Annual Bach Festival, Conductor by Nature and Instinct

Michel Penha, who is in charge of the coming Bach Festival, is a conductor by nature and instinct. When he raises his baton the orchestra responds as if to a dynamic current. There is no hesitation; no lack. It is only a matter of the musical ability of the players to reflect in tone, what he projects so spontaneously and richly. He is himself a distinguished cellist with wide experience in quartet, trio and solo work, as well as with some of the main orchestras of this country. It is a very great privilege for Carmel to be able to partake of the music which will be played under his direction during the Festival. His vital personality and power may be felt in all that he undertakes. He is exacting without being meticulous; positive without being dogmatic. He rules his material without tyrannizing over it and his inspiration and fire are made manifest by the full response of his orchestra.

Trombone Salute Is Age-Old Tradition

It is an age-old tradition that a quartet of trombones should usher in the music of Bach. For this unique devoir to the music maker, a family of Pacific Grove—father and three sons—have been chosen. With their golden-belled instruments turned skyward, they will inaugurate the Festival.

Chandler Stewart operates a grocery store in Pacific Grove; Chandler, Jr., is at the University of California; Gordon attends Salinas Junior College; Donald goes to Pacific Grove High School.

On next week Sunday evening, the final concert of this summer's Festival will be heralded by the four great horns sounding from the belfry tower of the Mission, and over a nation-wide hook-up their calling notes will sweep the chorals of Bach from Carmel to the Atlantic.

Bach's Fire Burned Early in His Life

Refreshing our memories as the Festival approaches we learn again that Johann Sebastian Bach was born in 1685 in Eisenach, Germany, the town where Martin Luther wrote his chorales. The Bach family had been musicians for six generations. They were great family lovers and every year they held reunions to which relatives came from all parts of Germany to sing and play together.

Sebastian began very early to learn music from his father and he started with the violin. But when he was ten years of age he lost both father and mother and was brought up by his elder brother, Johann Christopher. The little story of the young lad copying music through the doors of a cupboard is well-known and points to the fact that even in the young child the divine flame was burning. Copying music seemed always to have been a favorite occupation of his. It was characteristic of Bach that his original work had always to be stimulated and begun by the work of another; but that as soon as the first trickle of music began to flow, it increased and developed with such plenitude that his sources seemed infinite.

When he was eighteen, Bach tried for the post of organist in the Arnstadt. He played so remarkably that he was accepted at first hearing! Here he became thoroughly familiar with the organ, for which instrument he always had a special fondness.

On being charged with the crime of originality Bach accepted a post as organist at Mühlhausen in 1707 and in the same year was married to his cousin, Maria Barbara. Of their seven children two became famous, Wilhelm Friedemann and Karl Philip Emanuel. In the following year he became concertmaster (first violinist) to the Duke of Weimar. During this period he studied the Italian masters and wrote some excellent cantatas. Here he also wrote the famous Brandenburg Concertos and the first part of the well-tempered Clavichord. This is still the greatest work of its kind. No higher point of contrapuntal writing has ever been reached.

In 1720 while Bach was traveling, his wife died, and after a year and a half he married a charming singer, Anna Magdalena Wulkens, who was one of his pupils. For Anna Magdalena he made the charming note-book of simple little Minuets and Preludes which most young music students know.

But Bach craved the making of religious music—it was part of the very fibre of his being. And it was undoubtedly this great need in him which urged him to accept an ill-paid post in Leipsic as Cantor at the School of St. Thomas. Here, in spite of much disharmony and difficulty and in spite of the burden of a family whose members finally amounted to twenty children, he wrote his greatest works.

In 1732 Bach made one of his few attempts at comedy. This was the Coffee Cantata which was set to music on a satire by Picander. The new luxury, coffee, had enslaved Leipsic and the occasion called forth some humor. This Cantata will be sung in Carmel at the approaching Festival under the direction of Michel Penha. It will be among the first performances of this work on the Coast and should be an event to which we will some day be proud to point back.

—DORA HAGEMEYER

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POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

The radio is here to stay. They finally got Francis L. Lloyd to "go on the air" and he came off feeling rather like he had been "on air". It was quite an ordeal, waiting for three weeks for the debut, and then reading off ten lines of introduction and asking ten questions of a noted women's polo authority. When it was all over, it took quite a lot of reviving by means of a douse of cold beer, courtesy of "Husky" Hall, well known here as one-time publicity man for Del Monte.

+

Mr. William Randolph Hearst, whom I berated a little some months ago for having machine guns in his San Simeon "castle", has been barking at my heels, this time for scandal. It seems a lady went for a trip with a Father Divine caravan and her divorced hubby doesn't like his son to associate with "persons colored and otherwise". I met the lady and attempted to get photographs of her, the boy and a Father Divine resort. Of no avail. But I may take a picture myself of some union pickets picketing the place and send it in, along with the usual howl that Hearst correspondents send with their work—why such a puny check for last month's stories?

+

Although I am not a "collector of authors", I did meet Leslie White, of "Me, Detective" the other day, just as he was packing up for a month's visit to New York. He was anticipating the usual hectic session, what with a new book and all. Why, it must be worse than having twins! White lives on the Los Gatos highway, a few miles from Santa Cruz, and besides other household occupants there is a Scotty dog and an eagle. Perhaps as a former detective, White feels they are good companions.

+

And speaking of dogs, I shall now steal a little of Jessie Joan Brown's stuff. There are several Carmel dogs going places—at least, they're going to be presented in a canine feast at the Pasatiempo Country Club, real estate development of Marion Hollins, former U. S. women's golf champion. They are Adolph G. E. Hanke's nine Cocker spaniels, led by *Black King of Howdow*, and Lindsay K. Gentry's *Steamboat of Aguajito*, also a Cocker. I haven't been able to figure out how come these little dogs rate such imposing names, but I suppose it's all right, just so long as the fashion doesn't spread to us mere humans.

+

The other day I had a fine inside view of what a sportsmen's association can be. Had I tabulated their occupations, I would have had everything from barber to chamber of commerce president, with a sprinkling of country resort proprietors The farmers who own the land and have a fairly good claim to the game on it and the fish in the streams that run through their lands, don't show up to any great extent in a rod and gun association. And, although these sportsmen have a lot of power in controlling the game of the hills and the fish of the sea, neither do the commercial fishermen have a representation in their conclaves.

+

It suggests to me something like a bevy of yachtsmen ordering the steamship captains off certain waters the yachtsmen want to go sailing on. Maybe if the yachtsmen could get a political tie-up, that might be done. If they could show they had a strong vote it couldn't be put down as an impossible thing, but then the Department of Commerce hasn't got the attitude of the Fish and Game commission which, taking one little area on the map, goes ahead "conserving" that regardless of those who deplete whatever the commission is conserving, just a few feet away.

+

The death of George Gershwin is a blow to every lover of music, who hasn't got any shams to defend. If you enjoy music, you've got to know the best of every kind, and if you really knew something of Gershwin's music, you knew every kind of music, so you had to find something to like or suffer from a musicless life. Something like that!

Carmel seems sometimes like a stepping stone for some of these great public figures. Didn't Chic Sale visit here just before his death, as did Gershwin?

+

Somebody's bound to ask about the Frank Buck in the Dickinson home. Did he fail to bring all those animals back alive or did he skin them after he got them back alive? Is some one trying to pull a very mysterious pun, somehow?

+

Somewhere my little salmon trolling boat is anchored in a cove, I think. I suppose she sailed from Monterey, but I don't know for certain. I don't even know whether Philip Marks, my Portuguese partner, is taking her north for salmon or south for albacore tuna. It is perhaps a strange way to do business, but the answer to that is that fishing is a strange business. After all, how am I to know if there will be salmon in the north or albacore in the south. In my dilemma, I know one thing, but of even that I cannot be certain, inasmuch as it has to do with fish, and that is there isn't salmon in the south and there won't be until September any albacore anywhere but in the south.

+

I think I'll resort to a ouija board to do my thinking from now on. It would be a lot easier and perhaps my spelling would be better anyhow.

+ + +

LEE VAN ATTA, WELL LANDED IN MOVIES, VISITS US

Lee Van Atta, who early demonstrated faculties which were bound to lead him somewhere, and which have, so it seems, landed him in Hollywood, was back among us the past week. It was not to appear "in person" on the stage of the State Theater in Monterey where, incidentally, he did appear on the screen in "Captains Courageous", but merely to look us over and try to see if we had the same old cat. Lee is to be remembered as a prize student of Sunset School, and as prize-students go, he went—to Hollywood. His part in "Captains Courageous", by the way, was an important one, and, so they tell us, well done.

Filmarte Offers "Carnival in Flanders"

What the press agents blithely say is the "most important motion picture produced outside of the Hollywood studios since the beginning of talking pictures" is "Carnival in Flanders", which will open at the Filmarte Theatre this Sunday, July 25, for an extended engagement. Awarded the *Grand Prix du Cinema Francaise* and the Gold Medal of the Film Academy of Venice as the best picture of the year, "Carnival in Flanders" took New York motion picture public by storm following its premiere at the New York Filmarte Theatre.

"Carnival in Flanders" was produced at a cost of $750,000 by the *Film Sorores* at its huge studios in Paris. Much of the action of the picture is laid in the Flemish village of Boom, and so huge were the sets constructed for these scenes, it was decided, after the picture was done, to leave these structures standing so that thousands might inspect at first hand the faithful reproduction of an entire Flemish village of the seventeenth century.

"Carnival in Flanders" is probably the first picture with its story dialogue in a language other than English to cause the leading movie critics of the United States to urge all movie-goers, regardless of whether they can understand anything but English, to see it. This is undoubtedly due, not only to the completely illuminating English titles accompanying the film but also to the universal appeal contained in the story.

+ + +

MME. PIRENNE WILL REVIEW BAINVILLE BOOK

Mme. Pirenne will review "La Troisième République" by Jacques Bainville at the next meeting of the *Cercle Francaise*, Tuesday, July 27, at 4 o'clock on Dolores and Ninth.

Bainville, a noted French historian, died just a few months ago. He took an active part in "L'Action Française", the royalist newspaper in Paris. This meeting is the third of a series. At the other two meetings two booklets on the *Rexisme* in Belgium and André Maurois' "Lyautey" have been reviewed by Mme. Pirenne.

All interested persons are invited to the meeting and urged to join the club in order that these educational programs may continue.

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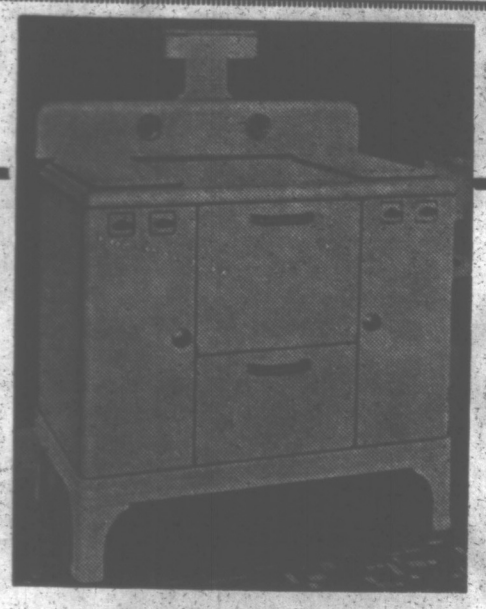

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Carmel Taxpayers Have Figures Which Show Them Where Their Money Goes; If That's Any Satisfaction to Them

(Continued from Page One)

least four cents, from 34 to 38 cents. This isn't as bad as the 11 cent raise announced two weeks ago, and later changed when revised real estate valuations were made public, but bad enough.

At the meeting of the 75 Carmel and Carmel Valley taxpayers Tuesday night, there were in attendance Andy Jacobson of the board of supervisors, J. R. McKillop, secretary of the Monterey High School board of trustees, Frank Shea and A. G. E. Hanke, members of the Sunset district board of trustees.

Jacobson did most of the explaining, but offered little hope. He pointed out that there is a certain amount of money that has to be raised, and the county board of supervisors is required to raise it. Jacobson said that every effort would be made to keep the general fund tax down—it now amounts to $1.04—but he made it understood that there will definitely be an increase in special fund budgets and that the rate which will be necessary to meet these will probably go up.

Jacobson called the attention of the taxpayers to the fact that when various departments of the county government and the school district boards submit budgets and set forth that they absolutely needed the amounts detailed, there was little the supervisors could do about it. He said that taxpayers could get relief only through reaching the people who frame the budgets and holding them down on their demands. In other words, the supervisors have to raise the money to carry on the business of the county, and the only way to raise it is through taxation. In further other worls, it is up to the taxpayers to pare down the demands for money in order to get relief from high taxes.

Jacobson showed where the necessity for high taxes comes from. He enumerated the increasing costs this coming year, showing the increase in various departments of the government over a five-year period. For instance, under the head of hospital and welfare, the costs have increased from $173,319 a year in 1932 to $564,584, which is this next year's budget. He explained that of this amount $200,000 is required for relief work, the burden of which has been dumped onto the county by the state.

County health demands have increased from $24,000 annually in 1932 to $29,000, the budget for the coming year. The county jail budget is $57,000 for 1937 as against $9,000 in 1932. He explained that of this amount, however, $33,000 was for new equipment, occasioned by the new quarters provided.

Jacobson promised that the supervisors would make every effort to keep the general fund down to its present budget. Included in this is the salary fund, which accounts for 17 cents of the general fund tax, and there additional money is asked. But, he said, this would be pared down if possible.

Trustee Hanke of the Sunset district addressed the meeting and told in detail why it was found necessary to increase the Sunset budget for this coming year. He showed what improvements had been necessary and what yet had to be done.

It might be interesting to all and sundry, heavy taxpayers and light, just how the county tax rate of $2.04 was divided last year. Here it is:

General Fund	.635
Salary Fund	.17
Advertising	.015
Highways	.195
Court House Bonds	.025
	1.04
High School District	.29
County Library	.03
Sunset District	.34
High School Bonds	.11
Grammar School Bonds	.19
Junior College	.04
Grand Total	2.04

And ain't it *grand*?

Del Monte Kennel Club Opens Biggest Dog Show in Peninsula History at Del Monte Hotel Saturday

The largest dog show in Peninsula history will be held tomorrow on the lawn of the Hotel Del Monte at the Del Monte Kennel Club's fourteenth annual show and exhibition.

More than 600 thoroughbred dogs have been entered by exhibitors from Canada to Mexico. Last year's show, the largest until that time, had an entry list of only 500 dogs.

Entered in tomorrow's show will be 30 Dachshunds, 29 Great Danes, 25 Cairn terriers, 18 Welsh terriers, 25 Chows, 10 Afghan hounds, the largest collection of Beagles ever to be entered, 80 Cocker spaniels and 40 Springer spaniels.

The show will begin at 9 in the morning and continue throughout the day.

The judges will be Edward D. Knight, Charleston, West Virginia; Victor Laugeson, Cleveland; Mrs. Myrtle Falcon Cooper, Chicago; Chris Shuttleworth, Los Angeles; Harold Mack, Jr., of San Francisco; E. F. Clough, Oakland; and Bill Thompson, famous sporting dog trainer.

Six of the seven are fulfilling their first California engagement and the three Easterners will fly to Del Monte especially for the day.

Carmel and Peninsula residents who have entered their blueblood animals include Tom Bunn, Cocker spaniels; Carol Moll, Cairn terriers; Rolf Bolin, terriers; Harvey Higeley, French poodles; Miss Sue Clark, Schnauzers; Mrs. Frank Andrews, Cairn terriers; W. J. Cross, Schnauzers; Miss Betty Beaumont, Collies.

Donald Bradburn, setters; Lindsay Gentry, Dr. E. F. Kehr, Sealyhams; Francis Parke, Welsh terriers; H. P. Russell, Welsh terriers.

Society folk from San Francisco, Burlingame and Peninsula points will turn out en masse for the show.

Among those who have entered dogs are Mrs. Charles H. Howard, Jr., Burlingame; Forest Englehardt, Mrs. J. E. Cushing, Mrs. Charles McIllvain, Irving Ackerman, San Francisco; John Breeden, Saratoga; Rudolph Sampson, Woodside; Mrs. Robert Menzies, San Rafael; Miss Lydia Hopkins, San Mateo; and Mrs. Lucian Marsh, San Rafael.

The Carnation Farms breeding kennels of Seattle, Washington, are sending down a number of their noted Scotties. Mrs. B. Davidson of Victoria, B. C., will bring an exhibit of Cocker spaniels and Mrs. Arline Smallwell of Everett, Washington, also will enter a group of Cockers.

+ + +

How about sending THE CYMBAL to a friend for a year? $1.

St. James Cast In "Hay Fever" Next Week

The Golden Bough Green Room will be dark this week-end out of courtesy to the Bach Festival. The St. James Repertory Company has postponed its production of "Hay Fever", Noel Coward's comedy of bad manners, till next week. While we think of it, if you have been having too many house guests at your little *Bide-a Wee* and don't know how to get rid of them, go see this play. It may be too late in the season to save your jangling nerves, but you can keep it up your sleeve until next time.

"Hay Fever" will play at the Green Room, Monte Verde between Eighth and Ninth, next Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, July 29, 30, 31 and August 1.

The cast for "Hay Fever" includes Edith Rose, George T. Bolton, Faye Emerson, Robert Galbraith, Patricia Lee, Peter Lundberg, Ellen Leslie, Kendall Power and Peggy Burke.

+ + +

Albert Dillon Baker of San Jose is visiting his sister, Clara Baker, of the Carmel Library staff at Miss Baker's home on Monte Verde.

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Herewith We Have What an Operator Of a Type-Setting Machine Is Thinking

Well, here's another week's work starting. . Let's see now if everything is set right on the Monster. . twelve here . . eleven on the knife . . *and* twelve on the ejector. . Believe me, I don't forget *that* baby any more. . Now . . ten up there and the ten-point magazine in place. . Okay . . oh, oh, *wait* a minute! I almost forgot to push that doggone gadget back. . Ought to be a rule that the last one using the 18-point should have to push that gadget over. . Would I have been sore if I'd set a lot of type before I discovered it was all in italics! . . Well, here goes for the first line and God help me if everything isn't set right! . . Wow, what a racket it makes when you haven't been near it for a couple of days! . Sounds as if the whole damn machine were going to pieces. . Can't seem to get over holding my breath till that first line is safely through. . Whew, what a relief! There it is, bless its little heart, a perfect little slug, all new and shiny. . Now I can relax. . Well, where do I begin? Oh, yes, *Carmel Capers*, first as usual. Good for Libby, her copy is always up to the minute—like her clothes. Gosh, has that girl got swell outfits! Wonder what those hand-stitched riding pants set her back? . Her typing isn't so hot and I don't think she knows what punctuation is all about, but there are lots worse than she is. . Gee, here's a paragraph W.K. cut out. . Oh-oh, no wonder! Somebody would have been sure to think she meant something else . . somebody's always finding insults where there aren't any. . Oh well, *honi soit* etcetera. . Ouch, what's the matter now? Marvelous the way the Monster stops when there's anything wrong, almost uncanny. . Oh, all right, I understand. . It's my fault and I apologize humbly for putting a thin space in backwards. Of course, it stops the distributor, but thank goodness, that's something on the linotype I can fix without calling for masculine help. . There, I must remember this isn't a "linotype" anyhow. . W. K. is always giving me heck for that . . says it's like calling all electric refrigerators "frigidaires" with a lower case f . . all these monsters are "line-casting machines" with different trade names. . This one isn't a "Linotype", it's an "Intertype". . I suppose I'm to say, "I run a line-casting machine"—doesn't *that* sound silly . . or, "I do the Intertyping on THE CYMBAL"—worse yet! Oh well, I got more important things to worry about. . Let's see how fast I can set this copy to make up for losing those few seconds. . Well, anyhow, I *had* to get up to put more metal in the pot. . Going pretty good. . There, I set that whole paragraph without a stop—and a line hanging every time! . Boy, does that make me feel professional! . Oh, doggone it, there ought to be a law against stringing a lot of words along with hyphens. How can I make a line set if there aren't any space bands in it? . Well, I'm going to change that sentence and leave out a few hyphens. It's only one of W. K.'s blurbs and who is he anyway . . only the editor. . Oh heavens, visitors! Now they'll come and watch me run this "fascinating machine". . I'll pretend I don't see them. . I haven't any time to explain how the fascinating machine works. Let 'em try to figure it out themselves. . Oh well, no help for it. . *Yes, it's a wonderful machine, isn't it? . . Yes, it is fascinating . Yes, we use the metal over again each week . No, this doesn't print the paper, it only makes the type. . No, it isn't aluminum.* . Oh, for heaven's sake, go away. . Thank goodness, they can go and squeal over the presses and the folder. . Well, I'm piling up the galleys somehow. . Hope there aren't too many mistakes. . Got to watch those lower case s's, they aren't dropping as they ought . Swell stuff, this column of Lynda's. Fun to set . . never know what she'll say next. . Not so much Oxford Dictionary this week . maybe the cat pushed it under the bed or something . . just the same I wish I had her vocabulary. . And I'll bet the time is coming when THE CYMBAL is going to feel pretty cocky about having had "Lynda Sargent" on its staff. . Well, after that, it's a come down to set personals . . But I suppose we have to put in a lot of junk about who's here and why and who isn't here and why not. All I hope is we spell some of the names right. . Well, that's over—till the next batch. . Oh, here's Frank Lloyd's column. I like that, boats and sailing and finding things washed up on the shore. . That wreck of the boat with the canned sardines reminds me of the time the coal barge and shiny by the salt water. . Next We picked up baskets of coal for years afterwards, all washed clean and shiny by the salt water. . Next we have—oh yes, very nice story, Jinny. . Awfully ornamental in the front office, Virginia, as well as useful. . Got a good snappy way of answering the phone—"Carmel Press and Cymbal"—kind of chirpy-like . . wish I could do it that way. . Now, wait a minute, artists don't hook their thumbs in "pallets" and for pity's sake, here's "rehersal" again. . Spelling's a funny thing—some people's, anyhow. . W. K. never knows when a word ends in "ible' 'or "able". . Oh gee, there goes the bell . . means *that* line didn't set. . If nobody used words more than three syllables long it would make life simpler for the lino—excuse me, the Intertype operator. . How can I make any speed records if I have to stop and put in extra spaces by hand, I ask you? . Wonder why W. K. has such a yen for that word *considerable*—he's worn it ragged. . Wish he'd get a shorter one. . Well, it's about time to quit, I guess, I'm starved, and they don't serve tea in this composing room. . Good-bye, Monster, thanks for not indulging in a squirt this time! . . —D. C.

+ + +

They Have a Goal At Meredith Farm

They are setting themselves a goal out at the Marion Meredith Farm. They have a guest book up there, a beauty carved by Bill Kneass, and signed by the notables and not-so-notable but nice anyway people who have visited the place. Their aim is to have every state in the union represented among the signatures. So far they have nine, from Florida to Massachusetts, New York to Utah, and a couple of outsiders that add a bit of flourish from Vancouver, British Columbia, and the Isle of Wight in England. They have, as we figure it, about 39 more to go.

And while we are on the subject, we offer a free ice cream cone, vanilla, to the first person who can name all the 48 states without writing them down to keep track of them. And you're "out" if you repeat any one state more than three times. Go try it on your victrola or hie yourself out to the Carmel Crafts and, with a glass of Theodore's lemonade, get those two dogs, Tom and Gerry, to listen to you.

CARMEL CAPERS

Determined, tight-lipped culture-seekers Bach-ward bound, cowboys and rodeo enthusiasts in a mood more bacchanalian than Bach-ish, and reserve officers from the Presidio, roaming with a rutting eye, composed a quaintly ill-assorted collection of visitors to Carmel this week.

+

Ted Watson, scion of a noble, military family, has reversed his former habits and become quite stuffy about returning home to a lone bed by ten o'clock, as his labors as a lettuce cutter in Salinas commence at the unreasonable hour of five a.m.

+

We thought all along that Tommy's name was Tucker, but have just been informed, by the omniscient Bobby Smith, that it is actually Tooker. This discovery eliminates the obvious gag about singing for his supper, which he wouldn't do anyway, because he appears to be on a diet predominately liquid and to be making his headquarters chiefly in Whitney's during a prolonged stay in Carmel.

+

Essaying, as we do, to avoid misstatements and clichés, we shall not report that there is a fly in the ointment or even a nigger in the woodpile but there is undoubtedly a blonde in the offing to necessitate the frequent journeyings of our Georgie (erstwhile rustic and home-boy) to San Francisco.

+

To those interested in our personal preferences, we admit that we liked Dick Griffith, handsome trick rider from Texas, better than any other feature of the Salinas Rodeo, and having slipped into this confessional mood, we shall further betray ourselves by divulging that we liked him better than anything in the Bach Festival also.

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Jon Konigshofer has returned from Alameda with a very charming little sail boat—of his own design and construction.

At the present writing he had not yet subjected the craft to water but seemed to entertain the rather fantastic notion that it might actually float.

+

Pretty soon we shall have to have a very special list of requirements for would-be CYMBAL readers. The Bach Edition was such a complete sell-out that our dearly-beloved editor was snobbishly withholding his last few copies from the rabble, and saving them for a cultured and appreciative minority.

+

The three sea plays by Eugene O'Neill presented Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights by the St. James Repertory Company at the Green Room are interesting examples of O'Neill's early dramas. Each one is a pleasant and lusty little sketch of some phase of a sailor's life handled in a simple, forthright manner very different from his later and more abstruse works.

Robert Galbraith does some fine emotional acting, Ross Miller portrays his roles very convincingly, and Frank Townsend surmounts great obstacles of natural charm and comeliness to appear sufficiently uncouth for a common seaman.

The last play, "Where the Cross is Made", was so dramatic and convincing in its gruesomeness, that we left the theater fairly trembling in our little boots.

—LIBBY LEY

Bach Bibliography

READ IF POSSIBLE

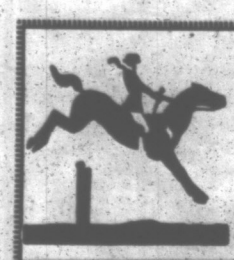
"The Little Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach" and "Time's Door" (fiction) — Esther Meynell
"Bach" (Master Musicians Series) — Abdy-Williams
"J. S. Bach" (translated by C. S. Terry) — Forkel
"J. S. Bach, The Story of a Great Personality" — Parry

THE GREAT AUTHORITIES FOR THE STUDENT

"Bach, A Biography" — C. S. Terry
"J. S. Bach" (2 vols.) — A. Schweitzer
"The Life of Bach" (3 vols.) — Spitta
Oxford History of Music Vol. IV, "The Age of Bach and Handel" — J. A. Fuller-Maitland

THE MUSIC

"The Music of Bach" (small book, price $1.50) — C. S. Terry
Oxford Press Musical Pilgrim Series:
"The Mass in b Minor"
"The Passions"
"The Cantatas and Oratorios"
Grove Dictionary of Music and Encyclopaedia Britannica have articles on Bach.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Wherein It Appears That He Who Chews the Copy Namesakes the Cat

You might say, in a manner of speaking, that the oyster is the by-product of the pearl. Just as we say that we and W. K. Bassett are more or less by-products of the Bach Festival. Especially W. K. Bassett, as you shall see.

The point is, if there is a point, that we have been in a continual dither about Bach. The first warning we had, ourself, that the dither was in a serious way, was in the matter of our dinner at Siddall's. From rattling off, helter and skelter, one life history of a songster after another; from interviewing Joe at the tail of a salmon; from pumping Andy while he pumped gas; from sudden death, good Lord . . . well, from whatever we were doing, we dashed over to Monterey to our favorite eating place for a vulgar bit of sustenance one night last week. Duly, we collected our dinner and duly laid it out on one of Siddall's just-recently-immaculate white cloths and duly went to gather in a glass of water.

Seating ourself with a Festival program propped up before us, the better to acquaint ourself with all the goings-on, we became vaguely aware of a man hovering about us. (You can see the state we must have been in to be only vaguely aware of a man hovering about us.) This man walked up to our table, looked carefully at every item of our diet—fish, potatoes, broccoli, pie—and then rather studiously, we thought, at us. We looked straight back at him—that level look we have always found so effective with hovering men, and before it he retired. But only momentarily. When he came back the second time, he was definitely going to speak to us. But we spoke first. "Oh dear," we said, "we are eating your dinner."

We were.

"Did you ever," he asked genially, "buy a dinner and then look at the other feller's and think how much better his looked? Well, I'm eating your dinner, too. I just thought I'd tell you." And he went jovially off to eat our piece of roast chicken and to drink our coffee.

The second Festival by-product has to do with Nick. One of our finest, you know.

So pleased and excited were we over Monday night's concert, that we rushed home to write to a friend about it. When we came back from posting the letter, we found ourself hopelessly locked out of our house. So we fetched Nick. Nick does a neat job of breaking and entering. First he took a window off the hinges. Then broke a door in. And, for good measure, crashed the glass in another door—thus, as you see, giving us a choice of entree, so to speak. We took liver.

Now we come to W. K. Bassett. This happened after Tuesday's concert. We, along with everyone else, were if anything more excited about Tuesday than Monday. After all, you can't listen to a whole orchestra inside a cello and moreover you can't just sit and hear Noel Sullivan sing the *O Jesulein suess*, without having something happen to you. Having left all the doors unlocked this time, we fairly burst the house in our mood of enchantment. We burst so thoroughly that we frightened our own cat and he caught the contagion of our own liberated spirit so completely that he let his mouse go free.

Well, as we sit here, still in somewhat of a dither about things, the mouse is nibbling away contentedly at our oriental rug. He is a dapper little fellow who, throughout the day, has permitted himself to be chased to three eminences by our much too well-fed cat. Interims, he chews at CYMBAL copy. For this reason we have named him W. K. Bassett—and because he is continually getting out special editions all over the place. —L. S.

+ + +

Rev. and Mrs. Gordon Luke of Berkeley and their daughter, Kathleen, were among the out-of-towners who attended the Tuesday evening concert.

Mrs. Morgan Padelford of Pasadena will be in town over the weekend to hear some of the final concerts of the Festival directed by her friend, Michel Penha.

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Noel Sullivan is entertaining the orchestra, chorus, soloists and staff of the Bach Festival at a supper party at his Hollow Hills farm up the Carmel Valley after the Friday afternoon organ recital.

+

Abbie Johnson from San Mateo is visiting her uncle and aunt, Dick and Rhoda Johnson, in Carmel this week.

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS

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"Yellow Cruise" At Filmarte Next Week

Wednesday and Thursday nights the Filmarte will present "The Yellow Cruise", true motion picture record of the Third Citroen Central Asia expedition. This expedition traveled for two years and took more than 50,000 feet of film. It followed the trail blazed by Marco Polo covering Bagdad, Persia, Afghanistan, Himalaya Mountains, the Gobi Desert, Tibet, Mongolia and China. This is the picture that the N. Y. *Times* called "the greatest pictorial thrill".

"Legong", south sea romance filmed entirely in Technicolor will play at the Filmarte Friday and Saturday. "Legong", which is not just a travelogue but an entertaining romance, has an all native cast and the two native girls who act in the leading feminine roles, were chosen from all the girls on the Island for their beauty. The Balinese customs shown in the film are all accurately pictured and the native dances, especially "Legong", which means "Dance of the Virgins", are extremely interesting

On the same bill with "Legong" The Filmarte will present "The Plow That Broke The Plains", a vivid record of the tragedy of the United States' "great desert"—the land of dust storms and drought.

Performances for these films are twice nightly at 7 and 9, with matinees at 2:30 on Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday.

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ANOTHER STEINBECK BOOK ABOUT TO GO TO PRESS

John Steinbeck, who is now returning from a trip abroad with his wife, Carol, is publishing a new book. A small volume, composed of three short studies and entitled "The Red Pony", it will be limited to 699 copies. It will be printed in hand-set type on hand-made paper, by Covici-Friede.

The dramatization of "Of Mice and Men" on the New York stage this fall will be published in book form in November. "The Red Pony", at $10 per copy, comes out in September.

Latest news from the couple is that they are terribly homesick and could kiss the Statue of Liberty.

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HERON'S READERS WILL DO 'THE TEMPEST' NEXT

After a successful final reading of "Macbeth", a week ago Tuesday, the Carmel Shakespeare Company will start reading "The Tempest" next Tuesday, July 27. The group meets at the Girl Scout House at 8 o'clock each Tuesday evening, and all interested are invited to attend, either to read a part or just to listen. A small charge is made to cover the cost of the books, but there is a good chance to build up your library with Shakespeare in a handy form if you don't like to tote that complete edition around with you all the time. Bert Heron is master of the play and a goodly number of Carmel's reputed 3000 actors show up for the readings.

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MRS. SAPERO TO SING BACH AT ALL SAINTS SUNDAY

Rev. Carel Hulsewé will speak on "The Meaning of Life—a message for everyman", at the 11 o'clock service this Sunday morning at All Saints Church on Monte Verde south of Ocean. Mrs. K. Y. Sapero, a member of the Bach Festival chorus, will sing Bach's "Oh, Christ, who art the Light and Day". Winifred Howe, pianist, who played so beautifully at Tuesday night's concert of the Bach Festival, will accompany her on the organ.

The Four Long Silver Shafts Tilt Upward — The Hand Descends

(Continued from Page One)

The Hand trembled. They walked in the fog unsteadily.

* * *

The great white house under the pines gave light that pierced the fog in silver shafts, truncated. Light fell on silver-bellied squirrels, sleeping; and in the house on great full silver bellied notes, eating and drinking. Such lovely little onions, my dear. Yes, darling. Too amusing. The hormone of the Bermuda. Isolated by a famous scientist especially for your cocktail. Darling! No fog in here—thin air, stratosphere, especially isolated onions and air; the full notes eating salami. But how precious for a little village to do Bach. How chic. Especially in these days. Paris too dreadful this summer. Ah, the *great modern*, sighed the treble clef from under an onion hormone, reaching for salt. The Hand lies in the thin air, waiting to crash; waiting to come down with terrible justice; waiting the transmogrification. And to think, he cut the very piece of beef we are about to eat this minute. Too amusing! Dinner is served. The full note in white lace and diamonds sparkles piously in liquid amber. The Hand arrests.

* * *

"Here, Mother, for God's sake, hitch this gadget here. They tell me it will keep the damned shirt from crawling up. Say, how much of this Bach do you think I'm going to stand? Tomorrow night you go with Myrtle. Ouch. You got my skin. But I tell you, I don't know a concerto from a—a pilaster. My business's real estate." "Now, Father, stand still for a minute. There!" The look passes between them. Under her fingers, stern, silent pain; and the knowledge, bitter, bitter. Both tremble and cry out inside. Perdure. Perdure. Over them the great compassionate Hand lingers but does not falter. She feels the pain again; too few tomorrows; too few more concerts. The dark knowledge lies between them. They go out into the fog, smiling.

* * *

Long, long after the guns had stopped at the Presidio, the fog gathered deeplier where the lighted window shone through. Small Gothic window. Four long silver shafts, still mute, moving behind. Sure you can park there. Pull up a little nearer the hydrant. Seems like it's always foggy for this Batch thing. Okay, buddy, move on, move on. The fog rolls up over Carmel; moves in the lighted doorway with the walking notes—the waiting score—washed and caparisoned. Oh, how *do* you do, my dear. Jolly, jolly, isn't it! Joe Perdieu's eyes beat at the voice, push the little blonde top inside. Hey, kid, what kinder business is this? Think you can stick it a bit? It's a place to set for a spell. Brace up, kid. Gee, what a lot of swells.

The four long silver shafts tilt upwards.

The Hand descends.

* * *

From the infinite nature of God all things . . follow by the same necessity and in the same way, as it follows from the nature of a triangle, from eternity to eternity, that its three angles are equal to two right angles.

* * *

Little white face at the piano, you have given back that other face. With strong fingers, under the aegis of the moving Hand, you have taken it up from the discard where it lay and made it indivisible again. Allegro assai—Adagio, piano sempre—Allegro.

Voices, answering the beckoning fingers of the Hand, you have graven with dignity the hormone of the onion and silenced the discrete mutterings that eat away the unbearable silence, filling that silence with peace and sound that is silence expressed. "O Jesulein suess, O Jesulein mild."

Bow of the violin and cello, what have you done for a moment with the memory of the sting of death? For the stern pain is undone where your universal haul has drawn the spirit up and away from such small distinctions of life. You reap a fairer question than death tonight.

Abstraction. Peace.

For emphasis, the fog has rolled back from Carmel, when the lighted door is opened. The strong notes on the moving score drift home along the stream of common concord. One hour more and the fog will surge back in; the guns at the Presidio will sound their atter-tat-tat. The Hand withdrawn. For now then, freue dich while the warm palm lingers.

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Marjorie Legge Wurtzmann gave a piano recital at Frank Wickman's studio at The Highlands last Sunday afternoon.

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Mr. and Mrs. John Fitch entertained guests who really had something in common to talk about last week-end. All three are in the physical education department at Mills College or will be at the beginning of next term. The guests were Margaret Fitch, who is now Mrs. Donald Newport, Marjorie Lockley and Irene Williamson, who is head of the department.

Mrs. Frederick Moore and her daughter, Barbara, and grandson, Kent Huchingson, of San Mateo, are staying at the home of Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper for the summer.

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Johnny Patrick popped into town to say hello all round. John is down south writing script for Fox 20th Century films. He was one end of the "Cecil and Sally" radio combine a couple of years ago.

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Noted Surgeon To Talk in Carmel on Spanish War

Dr. Norman Bethune, distinguished surgeon and humanitarian of special prominence in Canada, is to be a visitor to Carmel next week and will speak next Thursday evening at the Greene Studio at 8 o'clock.

Dr. Bethune is one of the foremost chest surgeons practising and a member of the American Association of Thoracic Surgery. His humanitarian services include the establishment of the Montreal Children's Art Center in Canada and recent work in the Spanish war.

In Spain, where he arrived October, 1936, Dr. Bethune established and financed a blood transfusion service, something previously neglected by the hospitals. He worked with 99 doctors and nurses in the six American hospitals there, and gave his entire time and energy to the mission, neglecting his work in America and Canada.

He served in the World War with the Royal Navy and the Canadian Air Force, and has since written several books and invented new surgical instruments.

Dr. Bethune is lecturing in the United States under auspices of the Medical Bureau to aid Spanish Democracy, and Dr. R. A. Kocher is in charge of local arrangements.

Sponsors for his meeting in Carmel include Misses Clara Kellogg, Rachel Hiller, Lorena Ray, Emily Pitkin, Clara Hinds; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wheeler, Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Knox, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Miller, Mrs. Theodore Criley, Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Kocher, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Hamilton, and Rev. C. J. Hulsewé.

City Clerk Has Failed To Find Errors In Audit, Judge Ross Declares

(Continued from Page One)

because they had held a private session with Judge Ross before convening openly and he had explained the whole thing to them.

Also, it developed, to the utter astonishment of Miss Van Brower, that, contrary to her idea that she is entitled to an annual audit, she herself is the accounting auditor of the city of Carmel-by-the-Sea, by gee, and that it is up to her to do the tax auditing. He explained this by asserting that the law for cities of the sixth class provides that the tax collector shall go out after taxes, collect them if he can, return with the money if he gets it, and note non-payment when he doesn't. Then, with his eyes shut, he is to slip into the clerk's office, place his records in her hands and slip out without speaking to her. Then, she, and she alone, shall check his report and certify to delinquencies. She may call in other assistance if she so desires, but never, no, never, must she call in the tax collector, himself. In other words, she must catch him if she can before she certifies to the delinquent tax list. If she certifies to it, she is responsible for it and for any discrepancies between it and the assessment roll.

And there, children, is where Mr. Shaff's audit comes in. It appears that she *has* certified to all delinquent tax lists and that she is responsible for them, she and no one else. And when he made his audit, Mr. Shaff studied hard, not only the assessment rolls, but also the delinquent tax lists. And Judge Ross contends that not until Miss Van Brower clears herself by pointing with pride both to assessment rolls and delinquent tax list can she point with suspicion at the audit of Mr. Clayton Shaff.

According to Judge Ross, the audit, with all its implications, charges, insinuations and claims still stands as adocument worthy of all the money the city has paid for it.

Once more is it Saidee Van Brower's move on the chess board of the Carmel audit.

They're beginning to shove the men around pretty fast on the other side.

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Horse Show To Be Fair Attraction

Dick Collins, well known Pebble Beach man and assistant director of the Douglas Camps, has accepted appointment as director of the Horse Show which will be a nightly free attraction of the coast counties fair to be held in the new fair grounds at Monterey Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 12 to 15. A schedule of events, purse money and trophies is now being worked out and will be available to prospective entrants in a few days.

Collins just recently returned from Southern California where he interviewed owners of a number of famous show horses and it is probable that a carload of the best hunters, jumpers and polo ponies of the southland will be sent north for the Horse Show of the Monterey Fair.

A special arena will be constructed, with grandstand seating arrangements, and the show will be held nightly in this enclosure, but admission will be free to everyone in the grounds. The stock horse classes and polo pony classes of the regular livestock department will compose part of the Horse Show, which will be augmented with special feature attractions.

Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous invited the cast of "Tatters" to the opening concert of the Bach Festival Monday night. The head usher, who works in THE CYMBAL office, cautioned the cast that the first one who tried to hiss the basso would be put out and also informed them that the management does not furnish any peanuts. In case you are interested, they were the best behaved section of the audience.

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Mrs. Dorothy Sheldon of Berkeley and Helen Leiberman of the Hotel Mark Hopkins in San Francisco are among the many attracted to Carmel for the Bach Festival.

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Interesting History Behind Present Federal Art Project Exhibit

There is rather an interesting history behind the exhibit now showing at the Federal Art Project Gallery in the Seven Arts Court on the corner of Lincoln and Ocean. The watercolors are of New Mexican "Bultos" and "Santos". A santos is a holy picture and a bultos is a carved figure or relief. This is primitive native American art at its best, according to some authorities, and dates back to the 16th and 17th centuries.

When the padres came up through New Mexico and the southwest and up through California, building their churches and teaching their faith, they sought to build a European structure and create European thought. The Missions were constructed under the guidance of the padres, who must have had some training in architecture to have directed and planned such fine buildings with unskilled labor. In the matter of decoration they tried to have the same baroque ecclesiastical decorations as the European churches of the period. Because they were unable to pay the transportation of these things from Spain, they had the native workmen copy the work as best they could. Consequently, the primitive technique is blended with a highly civilized design in the reproductions which you will see at the Gallery.

Some of the early work has been condemned by the church as unworthy, which makes it rather hard to find many of the older pieces. Some of them have turned up in rubbish heaps or buried under old houses. The Federal Art Project, by making watercolor copies of the pieces now available, hopes to preserve them against any further catastrophes.

The wood carvings by Patrocino Barela are amusing, deeply religious, primitive in their anatomical conception, but highly developed in the use of the medium as a surface and inner texture. Barela's work may look to you like kindergarten sketches and soap carvings. But take another look. They are almost impossible to criticize from any art standard except a superficial one. Basically, they have design and to look at them long enough is like having a full psychiatric report on the artist. He is Indian. He is a mystic and he is humble. When he sees a stump gnawed by beavers, he says, "They are better carvers than man. If God sent beavers to school they beat us all."

The watercolors are exciting, both historically and esthetically, and the sculptures are mystifying, because of their utter simplicity. The show at the Federal Art Gallery is on the "must" list. —V. S.

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Marie Short popped into town last Monday from the Short place in Woodside. She is staying at Noel Sullivan's Hollow Hills farm for the week of the Bach Festival.

Mrs. Alex P. Cruger, wife of the American Consul now at Funchal, Madeira, has taken Lovat Lodge on Camino Real. She will spend the summer there with her two daughters, Andrea and Dorothy.

Rhoda Landsberg of Cleveland, Ohio, is vacationing in Carmel.

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